



'I Refuse'

William Tychonievich refuses
the draft at the
Oakland Induction Center — Pg 3



How the POOR support
the RICH in Pleasanton
— a case study Pg 1, 5

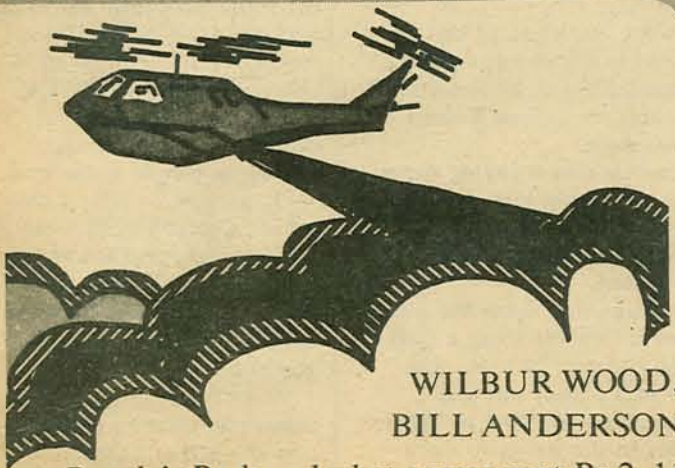
Who Wines and Dines

— JAKE EHRLICH —

— the committee list for his Testimonial Dinner Pg 15

Superchron, NEWS monopoly and political blackmail

— The Guardian's
antitrust testimony
in Washington
9, 10



And:

Rolfe Peterson reviews ACT, Pg 12
Margo Skinner reviews movies, Pg 13
Creighton Churchill on "The Dog," Pg 13
Kenneth Rexroth, Pg 4
Heidi Endeman's "The New San Francisco Women," Pg 16
Bob Bastian's SP, Pg 8

How SP knocks the 'Daylights' out of California

By Paul Slater

1969, The SF Bay Guardian Co., Inc.

It's 10:15 on a San Francisco morning and the sun has already burned away the fog. A gray-haired man in blue pulls out his trusty Hamilton, mutters "time to highball" and waves a hand over his head. Two air horns blast a shrill reply and the Southern Pacific Coast Daylight gently pulls away from that crumbling cavern with a mission facade at Third and Townsend.

This is railroading, 1969-style, and the train -- officially No.

Southern Pacific's trick to wipe out passenger service - schedule changes that delay passengers a whole day

98 -- is the last of a proud fleet of shiny orange - and - red streamliners once a common sight streaking along the California countryside. Today, she

shows her age.

I rode the Coast Daylight recently to see if what they're saying is true: That Southern Pacific hates to run passenger trains, and the people who ride them are doomed to dirt, discourtesy and the depressing atmosphere of a service provided reluctantly, by government edict.

For the uninitiated, Southern Pacific, a \$3 billion-dollar corporation headquartered in San Francisco, operates two trains daily between here and Los Angeles -- the Coast Daylight and the San Joaquin Daylight. Another, the Cascade, runs overnight to Portland, and the City of San Francisco connects the Bay Area with Denver, Omaha and Chicago. Out of Los Angeles there's the Sunset to New Orleans. Within California, a stub train known as the Sacramento Daylight connects with the San Joaquin Daylight at tiny Lathrop, near Stockton, affording Sacramento passengers a through service to Los Angeles (see map).

Choosing the Coast Daylight, I was not prepared for the worst, knowing that when SP decided to eliminate its passenger service, one train at a time, and

— continued on page 6

Pleasanton sweats \$1 million from its 2 public housing projects How the poor support the rich

By Gilbert Friedman

1969, The San Francisco Bay Guardian Co., Inc.

Off the main highway, in the rolling California hills of the Livermore-Amador Valley, 43 miles southeast of San Francisco, lies the quiet and wealthy residential ranching community of 11,000 persons called Pleasanton.

In June, 1967, Atty. Daniel Prince was assigned to take over the Livermore office of the Alameda County Legal Aid Society. He was informed a big dispute was brewing in nearby Pleasanton over a rent increase in its two public housing projects. Thinking there was nothing much he could do, but being new to the area, Prince decided to attend the next meeting of the Pleasanton Housing Authority. He found a group of outraged citizens who were getting a 10% rent increase, one of many over the years. The tenants were asking for a 30 day delay on the increase to investigate the matter. This request was flatly denied.

The rent increase would go into effect July 1, 1967, and, if the tenants didn't like it, they were free to move out. William Struthers, Pleasanton Housing Authority attorney, stated, "The 1955 (California Temporary Housing) law allowed housing authorities to purchase and operate these projects at a profit." Prince didn't know much about public housing laws, but felt it was shocking if true. Upon investigation, he discovered another example of how in America it is often the poor who support the rich.

During the second World War, there was an acute shortage of housing around military install-

ations and defense plants throughout the country. To meet this problem the federal government built temporary housing, often substandard, for families of military personnel and defense workers. Local housing authorities were created to manage these projects. In Pleasanton, in January, 1943, Pleasanton's city council created a housing authority by unanimous resolution to operate the two federal housing projects in the area: Kottinger Village situated within the town and Komandorski Village situated just outside of the city limits.

After the war, to get the federal government out of the housing business, Congress amended the Housing Act of 1950, Title 6 known as the Lanham Act. Under this act, the federal government was to sell these housing projects to the state entity for the original cost of the land alone paid some 15 years earlier. Therefore, in Pleasanton, on April 23, 1954, the federal government sold Komandorski Village (175 units) to the Pleasanton Housing Authority for \$12,406. Five days later, Kottinger Village (77 units) was sold to Pleasanton for \$16,965.

Pure gravy

In the first year of operation, both the Pleasanton Housing Authority and the City fully paid from rents the purchase price for their respective projects. From then on it was pure gravy. The Pleasanton Housing Authority operated both projects. Each year, the amount collected in rents over and above expenses, and reserves commonly known in the business world as "profits", but

called "excesses" by the Housing Authority, was turned over to the City of Pleasanton. They promptly became almost all of the city's capital improvements budgets. There has been an "excess" every year. Total city profits from June, 1954 to June 30, 1968, amounted to \$356,673. This wasn't as easy as it sounds. During this time, the housing authority raised the rent four times at Komandorski (now \$89 a month for three bedrooms) and five times at Kottinger (now \$85 a month for three bedrooms). These rents don't seem unreasonable--until you figure in the condition of the villages (terrible) and the repairs that came with the increases (none).

In addition, since Komandorski Village was outside the city limits, the housing authority contracted with the city for certain city services to Komandorski Village. Under this agreement, the housing authority paid Pleasanton \$173,605 from January 27, 1955 to June 30, 1968. What these services

— continued on page 5



By Wilbur Wood

'At this moment Berkeley is the U.S. center for change. It's like a thermometer.' --Big Bill Miller, June 18

May 16, Berkeley. The smog is so thick I can't see San Francisco across the Bay.

I park my car up near Piedmont--surely the revolution won't come this far today--and walk down toward the campus. WELCOME TO OCCUPIED BERKELEY, says a big sign on a 2-story corner house.

'It'll soon shake your windows and rattle your walls/ For the times they are a-changin'--' blasting out of a second-story window. A long-haired girl sits on the porch, silently watching the national guard troops at the intersection, lounging, smoking.

The guardsmen seem to be under the command of a highway patrolman, but who knows who commands this whole operation? Is it Sheriff Madigan, whose men opened up on people yesterday with shotguns? Or the Governor, declaring his state of emergency from Sacramento? Or someone in Washington D.C.? It's not really important. They are the absent landlords. We are the people who have to live here.

Disregard who owns the land for a moment, and look what has happened to it: there are houses on this land, where young people rent inexpensive flats, but the houses are torn down and the people go away; for a year the land, about the size of a football field, fills up with chuckholes and debris, and students park their cars on it; this April people occupy the land again, bring in sod, plant grass and flowers, build swings and statues...

The drumming and merriment keep some neighbors awake and they complain, so the people voluntarily shut down their sound at 11 o'clock; many people continue to sleep in the park at night, however; a couple hundred people are in the park at 4 o'clock yesterday morning when hundreds of police surround the land, arrest three people who refuse to leave it voluntarily, call in a construction company from San Jose to sink steel poles in concrete and put up an

'The land was ours'

eight-foot fence.

The fence shines in the sunlight as I pass by the park. People lean up against it, looking in. Already some of the swings have been ripped down, flowers uprooted, grass trampled by heavy boots, trucks, tents. Two days ago there was a park here; now it is a national guard bivouac area.

And this is what has happened to the land.

All up and down Telegraph Avenue, national guardsmen, in threes, standing in front of buildings, leaning against jeeps in the street.

Outside a record store I pause--there are pictures of yesterday's action in the window. One shows a white-haired lady with a flower and a poster that reads: GO SEE THE PEOPLE'S PARK. THEN YOU WON'T LET THEM DESTROY THIS LOVELY CREATIVE THING.

Behind me, a long-haired young man is talking urgently to a short, blond guardsman. "Are you going to shoot anybody today?"

"Are they going to shoot me?" the guardsman replies. I stare at him, he is no older than I am, he is white, I want to say something to him--but I don't know what. The student is pointing out that it's obvious most of the people don't have any weapons of any kind, not even clubs. I move away.

My armor for today is a handkerchief and a bottle of water, and as I walk onto campus I have to cover my nose with the handkerchief because my eyes start to water from yesterday's tear gas that hangs in the leaves above me. Other people around

me breathe into napkins. The police helicopter circles overhead.

Yesterday, before the police pushed us off Telegraph and all the way through the campus, people dipped their napkins in the fountain outside the student union. Today, water has been drained from the fountain--I wonder for a moment who along the line of command made this decision--and a middleaged black man slowly washes out the fountain with a hose. It's 12:30.

I get into a conversation with a young white non-student about my age. He came out here two weeks ago from Boston, hoping to have a quiet summer. We both laugh. You can't get away from it anywhere anymore, I say. We are sitting on the lip of the fountain.

He favors the park and all that, but he's still confused about the people's park issue--the university does own the land after all. But who's the university? I say. It's not Chancellor Heyns, it's sure not Governor Reagan. It's you and me. It's the people, especially the people who are affected directly by it--students, people who live near it, people whose homes have been torn down by it...

He is nodding. That's good enough for him. I did a little work on the park, he says. I think I saw you in the street yesterday, he says. He tells me he was throwing rocks for awhile.

He has fairly long hair, no mustache, no beard--like me. Did you notice, I ask him, a lot of short-haired fraternity types throwing rocks yesterday? He nods.

That's the new thing, throwing rocks, he says. We grin at each other.

At 10 to 1, a line of guardsmen, directed by Alameda County sheriff's deputies in their powder blue flak suits, sweeps from Sather Gate through the upper plaza, bayonets fixed. We have to move out of the way with the rest of the students.

A few tear gas cannisters fly through the air at the campus entrance. Yesterday there were police on the roof of the student union, lobbing gas. We assume they are there again today. People shake their heads and mutter as the line sweeps by, toward Telegraph Avenue.

Then we move back into the plaza again, applauding the guard sardonically.

In the lower plaza, three or four thousand people surround a makeshift platform where some speakers are talking through a microphone.

One speaker is saying we've won a political victory, look at all the people who are here, despite yesterday's attacks by the police.

A black man takes the mike. What is this shit about a 'political victory'? he says. The pigs still occupy our park. Some of us are going to have to die in this struggle--let's move on the park...

There are a few scattered cheers for him, but the crowd is shouting No, No.

A white girl takes the mike--it's just suicide to move on the park today, she says, gets a large cheer. Now a white man: I'm in favor of going to the park, he begins, but not now. We should move on it when WE choose...

Yeah! Right on! More voices from the crowd. But when the speaker starts to say, We got to organize, break into discussion groups, choose leaders, the crowd starts shouting No, No, again.

We don't want to walk into those bayonets, but we also don't want simply to disperse. Now Bob Mandel of the Oakland Seven is at the mike. Someone beside me shakes his head, laughs, "He'll be up for conspiracy again."

Mandel--dark hair, slight, intense--has three proposals. One, we don't move on the park today and we don't disrupt campus activity--"that's what they want us to do," he says. Two, let's move now into downtown Berkeley, walk through the streets, talk to people. And three, tomorrow, Saturday,

there should be so many park people in downtown Berkeley that no shopping gets done.

The huge crowd cheers Mandel and we begin to move out of the plaza and into the street. As the impromptu march thrusts itself down Bancroft toward Oxford, a line of national guards-

men blocks the intersection, so the crowd cuts through a parking lot to the next street over, moves down to Shattuck, turns right through the business district.

Most cars stop, but a big cement truck slams around the corner onto Shattuck from University, and barrels straight at some marchers. A young black kid, maybe sixteen, keeps walking straight at the truck as others behind him scatter, and the truck crashes to a halt in front of him. He stares at the white driver. I'm quite close and can see him let a little sigh escape from his parted lips.

Then he walks around the truck and a number of marchers are crowding around the cab, remonstrating with the driver. The crowd enters University, turns left toward the Bay, begins walking down both sides of the divided street. Occasionally a chant breaks out--We Want the Park!--but mostly there is no chanting.

Honk your horns if you're for us! some marchers are shouting, and sporadically horns blast away. Looking in through the windows of the cars I see V-signs being held up. Now a few other marchers are stopping and talking to people in the cars.

Encouraged by this, I stop beside a pickup truck a block further down, and start to say something to the man inside--balding, middleaged--but he won't look at me, he snaps, "I pay taxes."

When I start to reply--I can't remember what I was going to say--he snaps, "Why don't you people get jobs!"

At Grove Street another line of guard moves across the intersection, splitting the crowd in half. Several dozen of us out-flank this line and move on down University, but a block down the street there is another line of guardsmen, cutting off the front of the march, we are trapped.

A few people sit down on the asphalt, but as the guard moves slowly in on us from both directions, the crowd begins to scatter through parking lots, gas stations, up driveways.

I climb a fence, following some people, and poise on top of it. I can't jump down into the yard on the other side because a girl is down there, trying to stand up, thrashing around--it seems to take her forever. From behind, people are pushing, I glance over my shoulder and a line of bayonets has come into the parking lot, and then the weight of the people behind me topples me off the fence and I land on the girl's legs.

Then we are up and scrambling away, as people pour over the fence behind us.

Coming to the street we see another line of guardsmen, they don't move on the people walking out of the yards, but I am suddenly afraid and don't want to walk up the street past the line. I ask some young people who live in a near-by house for sanctuary. They let me stay there until I feel it's safe enough to brave the streets again.

As I make my way back to the university, a voice shouts, "Hey you!"

I keep walking but when the voice says, "Hey you!" again, sharper this time, I stop and turn around.

"What's that in your back pocket?" a man in a helmet says. I take out my bottle

--continued on page 15

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Follow the brown line... "A pretty girl handed me a pink sheet

that said: 'There is still hope.' Follow the brown line... "Friday was an Alice-in-Wonderland day..." Follow the brown line...



I Refuse

"I had nothing to do
but enjoy myself
and wait for the Justice Department
to get around to indicting me..."



— George Gardiner

By Will Tychonievich

After my request for classification as a conscientious objector had been unanimously rejected by the Appeal Board, I knew it was only a matter of time. When the induction notice arrived, my collision with authority was inevitable.

On Thursday, April 17th, at 6:45 a.m., I reported to Transfer Station 45 on McAllister Street. With a handful of other inductees, I loitered about a large marble-walled lobby for 20 minutes until a security cop told us to gather our things and march into the offices of the local draft boards. A clerk gave our notices a glance and we trooped outside and boarded a bus.

The ride to Oakland was a quiet one. Occasionally I heard some low whispers. Most of the young men sat up straight, clutching little bags of personal articles in their laps. The bus had a contagious loneliness.

The young man next to me was different from the rest. He slouched in the seat, reading a book. Once the bus began to move, he looked over at me and noticed the peace button I wore, rather bravely I thought, on my jacket.

"You don't look like you plan to go," he said.

"No," I said. For some reason I thought I should remain noncommittal.

"I wonder if anyone does," he replied.

He returned to his book and I gazed out of the window. Annoying questions played about the edges of my mind. Since my defiance surely would not end war, was it worth the consequences? Was I merely confirming my own sense of morality? Did I have the right to hurt those I loved and myself over a belief? Should I have chosen some other course? Despite these momentary doubts, I remained as determined as ever to say, "No!"

As we emerged from the bus, six or seven picketers greeted us with anti-war chants and leaflets. A very pretty girl, perhaps 17, handed me a pink sheet which began: THERE IS STILL HOPE! These words struck me in a comforting, personal way and I smiled. She smiled back.

Inside, we inductees were deposited in folding chairs set in front of a processing counter. My friend on the bus was still beside me, reading his book, now using an anti-draft leaflet as a marker.

My attention was drawn to a new arrival with shoulder-length hair. On his shirt collar was pinned a button displaying the Greek letter, omega. I knew this to be the electricians' symbol for resistance and the symbol chosen by the anti-draft group, The Resistance. Anyone wearing the button obviously planned to refuse induction. I decided to stay near this young man on the assumption that he would know how to act. Also, I did not want to be alone when the moment of truth came.

Our physical examinations dragged throughout the morning. We stood against the walls of cold rooms looking pathetic, clad in undershorts and shoes, treated as a herd of cattle at inspection. And, in fact, we were being marketed, our bodies and beings the temporary but exclusive property of the government. A Kafka could turn

the modern American induction process into a minor masterpiece of absurdist literature. As it is, the world will have to be content with Arlo Guthrie.

By noon, we were dressed and once again we waited. Finally two officers came in and checked the stacks of marked papers we carried. The officers interpreted the marks into colored lines on the floor which we were to follow to the next "station."

I was sticking close to the young man with the Resistance button. When he offered his papers for interpretation, the officer said to him in a loud voice, "Well, now, have you decided what you're going to do yet? You going in or not?"

I did not hear the murmured reply, but I saw the officer shake his head in

THE STATE OF THE DRAFT

Will Tychonievich reports that he and those who refused induction with him were astounded that their number was so great. The Guardian called the Oakland Induction Center to see if this was a usual day. We spoke to Capt. Robert W. Munson. After getting permission from his superiors, he gave us these figures for "an average induction day in recent months":

● Those ordered to report for induction--375.

● Those who, in fact, do report for induction--250 to 270.

● Those who report for, but refuse, induction--15.

According to the Army's own statistics, then, 27 to 33 per cent of the young men called for military service do not even bother to show up. Another 4 per cent openly defy the draft law by refusing induction.

disgust. "I just don't understand why you people don't have more respect for five years out of your life," he said loudly.

Found physically fit for military service, I was told to follow the black line upstairs. There, a man in a uniform pulled the wearer of the Resistance button aside and asked, "Are you going to refuse?"

"Yes."

Someone nearby said, "So am I."

"Uh, me, too," I piped in, not wanting to miss anything.

"Follow the brown line downstairs and see Lt. Fitzney," the man said in a monotone.

By the time we reached the end of this line, we were seven in number. The lieutenant picked a leader from among us and ordered him to obtain a meal ticket and take us to lunch. He wanted us back in an hour.

When we returned, even more "non-inductees" lounged about the lieutenant's office. He took our papers, told us to sit down -- and wait.

We passed the time discussing our common predicament. We were surprised at the number of refusers. Tor, the lunch-time leader, who was active in The Movement and who should have known, was as amazed as the rest of us. He said he had expected perhaps four

or five comrades at the most. Today there were 20, possibly 25.

Finally, one of us was called into the lieutenant's office. When he came back he told us he was given the standard loyalty oath, and when he balked at signing it, the lieutenant told him things would "go easier" with him if he signed. He signed.

For most of the others the oath was a moot point; they had signed it during their pre-induction examination. I had not signed it, however, and I did not intend to.

The next man called into the office learned from the lieutenant that those who were going to refuse induction would do so apart from the bona fide inductees. We were to be segregated; the military apparently was not about to expose its recruits to the psychological impact of witnessing so many refusals. This angered Tor. He felt we had made a mistake announcing our intentions beforehand, simplifying things for the military. But we saw clearly who was more fearful of this confrontation between the system and the individuals.

My turn came soon. Did I realize that the penalty for draft refusal was five years in jail and a \$10,000 fine? I did. The lieutenant handed me the loyalty oath. Was I familiar with it? I was; I had declined signing it before.

"No problem," he said, placing the oath back in his desk drawer. Then:

"Can you think of any reason you would be ineligible for military service?"

"No. None."

"Why are you refusing?"

"Conscientious objection."

That concluded my first interview with the lieutenant. An hour and a half later I had another.

"Are you willing to sign a statement after you refuse, worded like this: 'I refuse to be inducted into the Armed Forces of the United States?'"

Such a statement seemed simple and true enough, so I said I would.

A young man named Chuck also agreed to sign this statement. Soon, we both had doubts. Tor advised us to sign nothing. Chuck and I discussed and concluded Tor was right: the statement could only be held against us, else why would they want us to sign it? Also, it was too general. We were not refusing just for the hell of it, but for specific reasons. The statement did not take this into account. We decided to renege.

Oddly enough, four of us, Chuck and I among them, did not refuse induction on Thursday. Our names were being checked with some files kept in Richmond, Va., to determine if we were subversives; mine because of the loyalty oath, Chuck's because he mentioned to the lieutenant he once attended a party at which some Nazis were present. We would have to come back on Friday to refuse.

Friday morning, we were taken to a long room with a podium at one end. The lieutenant took his place behind the podium. Beside him were a man and a woman, both elderly, hands clasped before them, to witness our transgression. We stood in a row in front of the podium. The lieutenant became very official. This was it.

"You are here for induction into the Armed Forces of the United States of America. To complete this process you must take a voluntary step forward when I call your name."

In his best doomsday voice, he read our names off a sheet of paper. No one moved. My knees, however, shook visibly. That damn voice actually had a frightening quality to it. I now knew the lieutenant's qualifications for his job.

After a quick glance up and a short breath, he continued:

"Your refusal to be inducted into the Armed Forces of the United States of America is in violation of federal draft statutes. If convicted, you stand to serve a maximum of five years in prison and to pay a maximum fine of \$10,000. I am now going to give you a second chance to take a voluntary step forward when I call your name. Ahem."

Doomsday Number Two. No one moved.

The lieutenant dropped his official pose, grinned at us, and fished for his precious statements. We politely informed him of our change of heart.

"Okay," he said. "No problem."

He introduced the elderly gentleman: "This is Agent Leonard of the FBI. He would like to have some words with each of you before you leave."

I volunteered to be first to prove to all concerned that my attack of shaking knees was a fluke. Agent Leonard led me into yet another of the countless rooms in the Oakland Induction Center.

He promptly informed me of my rights. I had quite a few, it seemed. I could even leave if I desired, without speaking to him. I should have taken advantage of that right.

Was I aware of what I was doing? Yes. Why was I doing it? C.O.

He took out a form: name, address, age, birthplace, etc. He lectured me as if he genuinely wanted to communicate with me, to get across to me in some way. The man had a kind face and a pleasant manner; the truth was I liked him. I could no more hate him than I could hate the other fatherly figures who had thrown themselves at me during my life -- but I could no more agree with him, either.

His lecture ended and I left, dazed and saddened. I had expected that when I met an FBI agent he would be like the TV version -- tough, cynical, chivalrously brutal. I found a nice old man who was not my enemy, yet had given his entire life in service to my enemy and who would be a witness against me in my enemy's court of law.

We were on opposite sides: me with my long hair and radical ideas, he with his short hair and respectability. If ever a civil war broke out, we would fight each other, plot each other's destruction. In a war, we would try to kill each other, cripple and maim each other. In a war . . .

Chuck and I hitch-hiked back to San Francisco and spent the rest of the day in Golden Gate Park. The sky was clear, the sun warm. I even flew a kite, something I had not done since I was a young boy. I felt free. Freer than I can remember . . .

THE END

Lest we forget — If Hitler had gassed Heidelberg, his Germany would have fallen

The Chronicle gives a front page headline to a story by their science editor, "STRONG DEFENSE OF DDT," four columns wide, ten lines deep at the bottom of the page with a runover on the back page of over a column.

On the back page is a news story one quarter of a column long playing down the manifesto of 150 scientists who issued the gravest possible warning against the insecticide. The statements in the first story were characterized by evasions, misrepresentations, political abuse, distortion of evidence and misrepresentation of fact. The second story used the mildest paragraph in the manifesto of the 150.

Why this contrast? It is very simple. The Chronicle, the Examiner and the boss of the Chronicle are all in the business of "factories in the fields." The Hearsts probably make more money off agriculture and mining than they have made in the whole history of their newspaper enterprises.

Why no stories on the demonstrated relationship between DDT and cancer of the liver? The answer is that no paper is better at twisting the arms of its reporters than the Chronicle. It is a perfect representation of the kind of journalism described a half century ago in Upton Sinclair's "The Brass Check."

The brass check

The difference is that Paul Smith and after him Scott Newhall, invented a special lubricant of fake liberalism, pseudo-hippiedom and Pacific Heights Squirt Set gossip to make the brass check slide in easier into the defenseless butt of San Francisco's middle class, so rotten with provincial sophistication.

If you base the entire editorial policy on a "city column" (subsidized by a chain of haberdashers that pays several times over for the page), whose greatest accomplishment is getting a few cents of wire strung through a tunnel so motorists won't miss the play by play from Candlestick, you have—well, what do you have? Giggles over the grapefruit. Of course there is always that pseudo hippy on Ed. 2 for those who think the underground press uses too many dirty words.

What the Bay Area needs so badly is a committed, crusading liberal paper at least comparable to the St. Louis Post Dispatch, the Louisville Courier, or the York (Pa.) Gazette.

San Francisco is in a very bad

way indeed. Chicago has been a city of the dead since 1925-27 when it was taken over by the Organization. San Francisco is now at that point.

Why were Broadway and the Haight Ashbury handed over to The Organization in the last two mayoralty campaigns? First, for a fast buck on bare boobs and smack. Second, to deliberately destroy property values so that North Beach and the Haight Ashbury, the city's two most charming neighborhoods, can be turned, once prices have hit rock bottom, into expensive high rise slums, whether condominiums or housing projects (which

**KENNETH
REXROTH**

are indistinguishable in fact) both guaranteed by federal money.

Remember the guy on Long Island who parlayed a \$1,000 bank account into a "cooperative" and condominium empire, entirely with federal money? Like lots of the boys from the Mezzogiorno he'd acquired a record in his rash youth, but of arrests, never convictions.

Who now runs the Visitors and Convention Bureau in San Francisco? Who did he work for before? Where does the money for this outfit come from? It comes from the Hotel Tax, which was set up for cultural activities. Its disposition is eventually at the disposal of a toilet paper magnate and a couple of bankers who consider themselves the most cultured Power Elite in the country.

Do you know that you cannot get a loan at the mortgage rate from a "reputable" bank to buy a place to live in in the Haight Ashbury, but only on the lot to demolish and rebuild. The guys who are responsible for this are the leading patrons of the symphony, the museums and our Square Repertory Theatre.

Ambitious copper

Los Angeles, Minneapolis, New York—one by one the cities fall before the Police Counter Revolution. In San Francisco, we have the most politically ambitious copper of them all, so dizzy with conceit that he is convinced he has already won his counter-revolution.

San Francisco once had the best entertainment district in the country, the only one where you were sure you'd get value received and never get clipped, much less rolled. Now it's worse than the French Quarter and Calumet City ever were.

Once you could walk the streets of the city at any hour of the night anywhere in perfect safety. Once the city had the least black-white racial tension possibly in the world. Once the whores of San Francisco, black or white, were the friendliest, and the card rooms were places of quiet recreation, and the gay bars were the safest places in town. There were almost no working pimps and there was no organized vice whatsoever.

You could run one whorehouse, or one cardroom or one call service or booking agency, but never two. When Capone tried to take over the sugar moon business in San Francisco, the two agents he sent to terrorize Gus Oliva were found dead at the foot of Point Reyes cliff. One had a button from a police uniform clutched in his fist.

While they tear down the finest old homes in San Francisco which they first turned into smack and speed crash pads, Hunters Point (which has been illegally allowed to stand since four years after the war when, like all other temporary housing, it was supposed to be torn down) festers away, out of sight and easily cordoned off—like the Warsaw ghetto.

Terrorize the youth

The terror directed against youth will increase in fury during the next six months. Why? Because it is out of the concerned people in the universities that resistance to extinction for profit, which is what the post-capitalist system has become, will emerge into the wider society. It certainly will not come from the industrial working class, fat on Vietnamese blood and druged by the boob tube.

The violence of counter-revolution has crept up on us in an age of unremittent violence and we forget that if Hitler had poison gassed the University of Heidelberg as late as 1938, his government would have fallen.

What has the city's liberal daily to offer in this lethal web of crises, emergencies and conspiracies? Merla Zellerbach. The other bylines, in case nobody told you, are just Merla in drag, except McCabe, a good man fallen amongst teeny boppers.



"WELL, I GUESS NOBODY COULD FIGURE OUT HOW TO
CURB MY WHEELS"

INSIDE

In cataloguing the financial boondoggles afloat in San Francisco (Candlestick, the proposed airport monorail, the city's loss of millions by its refusal to enforce the Raker Act on public power, etc.), we must reserve space for the smelly little putsch over the Haslett warehouse. It's a minor classic.

At the bottom of it all are two factors: (1) the San Francisco Maritime Museum has for years lusted for the warehouse in its bid to become the empire builder and master concessionaire for the waterfront area; (2) the museum, through its unique political power derived from Scott Newhall, the Chronicle's executive editor, has put together one gaudy deal after another to grab the Haslett Warehouse, the Hyde Street pier and the Victorian Park.

The background: the museum from its beginning in 1949 was a Newhall protectorate and staging ground. Karl Kortum, the museum director, described the museum's origin, development and expansionist strategy in a July 26, 1968 background memorandum. Kortum said he wrote Newhall, then the Chronicle's Sunday editor, and proposed a maritime museum.

Newhall wrote a memorandum to Paul Smith, then Chronicle editor. Kortum's idea had merit and he proposed to devote his "surplus energy" to developing the project. Smith promised him Chronicle support.

"This was the genesis," Kortum wrote, "but it is not what has made things happen. Scott's surplus energy took the form of masterminding what I call the cosmic strategy for the project. He got the ball rolling and for 18 years has supplied, in our toughest moments, the way to keep from coming to a halt." Let us note how Newhall proceeded.

"Scott's first move," Kortum wrote, "was to arrange for Dave Nelson to be relieved of his Chronicle duties as a reporter and to work on the project full time. He asked me to give up what I was doing, which was writing a book about the sailing ship voyage, and come to San Francisco to work on the project. Thus was put together the team of 'actionists'."

"Scott's second move was to invite the publishers of the four newspapers—that's when the city had four—into a room in the Bohemian Club, where over a good lunch, they agreed to support this project.

Well, the "actionists" got a museum going (a good thing in many ways) and with it, through Nelson and Newhall's influence, lots of goodies for everybody.

ITEM: It now costs the city some \$65,000 a year to subsidize the museum as a private association. The city pays Kortum \$14,760 a year as director. The museum building, at the foot of Polk St., is rented at \$1 a year (an enormous indirect subsidy on this valuable waterfront) and the city spends about \$25,000 to maintain it. The museum got \$23,378 last year from, of all places, the hotel-motel tax fund.

ITEM: The sailing ship Balclutha has produced lots of money for the museum—more than \$1 million in admissions in the past 10 years, \$166,182.40 last year. Yet, it has been berthed for only \$100 a month rent with no percentage clause. The original agreement called for an annual review, but this hasn't been done. This sweetheart lease compares with the recent lease to Joe Tarantino for a similar berth behind the Balclutha at \$1,000 a month against a percentage.

ITEM: Nelson is compensated nicely as "assistant director." He has in effect been publicly subsidized for years while he built up his private reputation and private bankroll as a powerful public relations man (operating, as one city official told the Guardian, "as the only PR man I know in a major city who can walk in to a client and deliver news and editorial space in the major daily newspaper.")

ITEM: There's lots of money, much of it public, slushing about the museum, but the museum as a private association keeps the books secret. However, The Guardian obtained the museum's statement of income and expenses for 1967 and 1968. It showed "surplus income over expenses" of \$22,968 in 1968—about the amount the museum gets from the hotel tax fund. Income was \$217,814 (up from \$189,136.39 in 1967). Expenses were \$194,828.55 (up from \$186,771.20 in 1967). Reserves in 1968 totalled at \$52,139.03.

Meanwhile, the "actionists" were after the biggest plum of all: the nearby Haslett warehouse. The Kortum/Nelson/Newhall axis, alternately using the Chronicle as sword and shield, tried unsuccessfully to wheedle the city into taking over the structure, then lobbied the state into condemning the building for \$730,000 as the site for a train collection. Even for this trio, it was a mighty feat and Kortum quoted Nelson as saying: "The inside of that building is painted with my blood."

The problem: There were no trains available and it would be impossible, even if there were, to display them in a building bristling with a forest of huge supporting timbers. "See all the puffer-billies all in a row," cackled the Examiner's Dick Nolan.

The state suddenly found it would cost, not the picaresque total of \$250,000 touted by the museum, but upwards of \$4 million to remodel the building to house trains. For four years, the building lay fallow and off the tax rolls until the state, unhappily leased the building back to the original Haslett people.

Ten years later, the museum boys are back in city hall with another gaudy idea: let the city accept the warehouse as "a gift" from the state, let the city go into the office building business (and let the rents, the Guardian adds, go to the maritime museum to buy more boats and more goodies.)

Kortum wrote in 1968: "There was now no more reason to ask for funds from individuals or to put levies upon the steamship industry. The balclutha made a million dollars..." Why, then, must the city continue to subsidize the museum to heavily? Why, then, must this subsidy be turned into an avalanche with the Haslett warehouse?

Wealthy Pleasanton lights a ballfield, builds capital improvements, builds sewers - all on profits from the poor

and Vietnam families in its public housing projects

- continued from page 1

were is hard to determine. One service is supposedly "legal," which is interesting since William Struthers is counsel for both the housing authority and the city.

As of June 30, 1968, the assessed value of the two villages was \$483,600. When the buildings are finally demolished on Nov. 1, 1972, the presently set date by the Legislature, Pleasanton will receive the proceeds from the sale. The assessed value is almost entirely on the land, which has gone up dramatically since the federal government purchased it in 1940. Already, the housing authority has a reserve of \$50,000 set up for demolishing the buildings as required by law.

When we add this assessed value to the amount Pleasanton has already received from the rental "excess" and Komandorski's contract with the city, we see Pleasanton making a profit of slightly \$1 million on an initial investment of \$29,372.

You might think Pleasanton would be grateful to these people who have contributed so much to the city's support. A \$5,000 "gift" from the housing authority to the Pleasanton School District paid for the cost of night lighting for the high school athletic field. The authority also rented to the Pleasanton Women's Club for only \$1 a building that used to be a cafeteria at Kottinger Village. Pleasanton used \$35,000 of the rental profits to help finance Pleasanton's sewer system—even though the system doesn't reach Komandorski Village itself.

Far from being grateful, however, many Pleasanton citizens believe it is they who support the tenants. Although some have been sympathetic, the common view was expressed in an editorial in a local newspaper when the tenants finally went to court in an attempt to prevent the new 10% rent increase. The Pleasanton Times called the law suit "an insult to this community." Pleasanton was doing the villagers a favor, implied the editorial, by providing them with "modern, clean, safe housing for low income persons."

The true condition of the villages belies the "modern, clean, safe housing," the editorial spoke of. Kottinger Village, because it is within Pleasanton where residents must drive by, is not too bad, although you have the feeling by looking at the structure of the buildings that heavy breathing,

no less conversation, is probably audible through the walls. Komandorski Village, on the other hand, is simply unbelievable. It looks like Dachau warmed over. If you took all the people out and just left the buildings in their setting, the village could easily be a duplicate of many concentration camp barracks.

In court, Prince asked the housing authority executive, John B. Pabst, why the last 10% raise of July 1, 1967 was needed.

The testimony

- A. "Increased cost of labor, maintenance, and materials and there were major repairs needed."
Q. "What major repairs?"
A. "Kottinger Village needed several new roofs."
Q. "How much money was budgeted for that?"
A. "Approximately \$5,000."
Q. "And did you repair the roofs?"
A. "No."
Q. "Why not?"
A. "We didn't have enough money."
Q. "But didn't you just testify that you paid the City of Pleasanton \$9,570 profit from Kottinger for that period?"
A. "Yes."
Q. "Am I then correct in understanding that the defendant (Pleasanton Housing Authority) had a choice of making necessary repairs or paying a profit to the City of Pleasanton and that it elected to pay the profit and skip the repairs?"
A. "Yes."

Who lives in these projects? The law requires this preference in tenant selection: first to families to be displaced by any low rent housing project or by slum clearance or redevelopment projects, with subsidiary preference to 1) families of disabled veterans whose disability is service-connected; 2) families of deceased veterans and servicemen whose death was service-connected and 3) families of other veterans and servicemen. About 125 out of 175 of Komandorski tenants are Navy and Army families with husband and/or father in Vietnam. In the early 50's, their chief tenants were Army and Navy families with their husbands in Korea. Almost all tenants are white.

Prince first filed a writ for

a preliminary injunction to enjoin the 10% rent increase of July 1, 1967, representing two tenants at Kottinger, one from Komandorski. Judge Folger Emerson, of the Superior Court of Alameda County, issued a preliminary injunction enjoining the housing authority from increasing the rents of plaintiffs until the action was settled. This decision applied only to individual plaintiffs. The remaining 232 tenants paid the increase under protest and will participate in any refund coming under their suit.

The legal question

The legal question here did not directly involve federal statutes. When the federal government sold the villages to Pleasanton and its housing authority, they came under the jurisdiction of the state. At the time of the purchases, California already had a housing authority law allowing local agencies to set up low income housing. The law stated it was a state policy "that no housing authority shall construct or operate any such project for profit, or as a source of revenue to the City or County. . . ." The Pleasanton Housing Authority was created under this law. Then in 1955, California passed the Temporary Housing Projects Act to comply with the federal act requiring that states pass enabling acts before the transfer of temporary wartime housing to local agencies. This act stated it was state policy for housing authorities to operate these projects "in an efficient manner and that they shall in any event establish the rents which shall be ample to cover all costs of operation, maintenance and disposition of such projects."

It is on the basis of this latter section that Emerson ruled the housing authority could operate at a profit. Judge Emerson stated in his opinion, interpreting the above quoted section, "To the Court this declaration equates with a statement that the projects should be operated

in a businesslike and efficient manner and that a profitable operation is implicit in such definition."

Regardless of the court decision, it is instructive to compare how another California housing authority operated projects created under the same program. Only six miles away, Livermore operates Vila Gulf project. The Livermore project is kept up infinitely better than those in Pleasanton, particularly Komandorski Village. The Livermore project, in line with the California law for low cost housing, has set up financial guidelines as to who could live there. Pleasanton has none. Livermore accepts families and individuals on welfare, Pleasanton does not.

Rents are approximately 20% lower in Livermore, where the housing authority has never turned over one cent of "profits" or "excesses." Pleasanton's housing authority has turned over \$356,000 to the city in 14 years.

It is odd that both housing authorities had the same counsel, William Struthers, who communicated to both housing authorities that he felt they could operate at a profit.

How many other housing authorities in California or across the country are similarly

turning their "excesses" or "profits" over to their cities out of the sweat of the poor? The irony in Pleasanton is clear: many fathers and husbands and sons are fighting in Vietnam supposedly to aid in our security, but back home their own families, living on meager service incomes, are being used to help support the rich.

THE END

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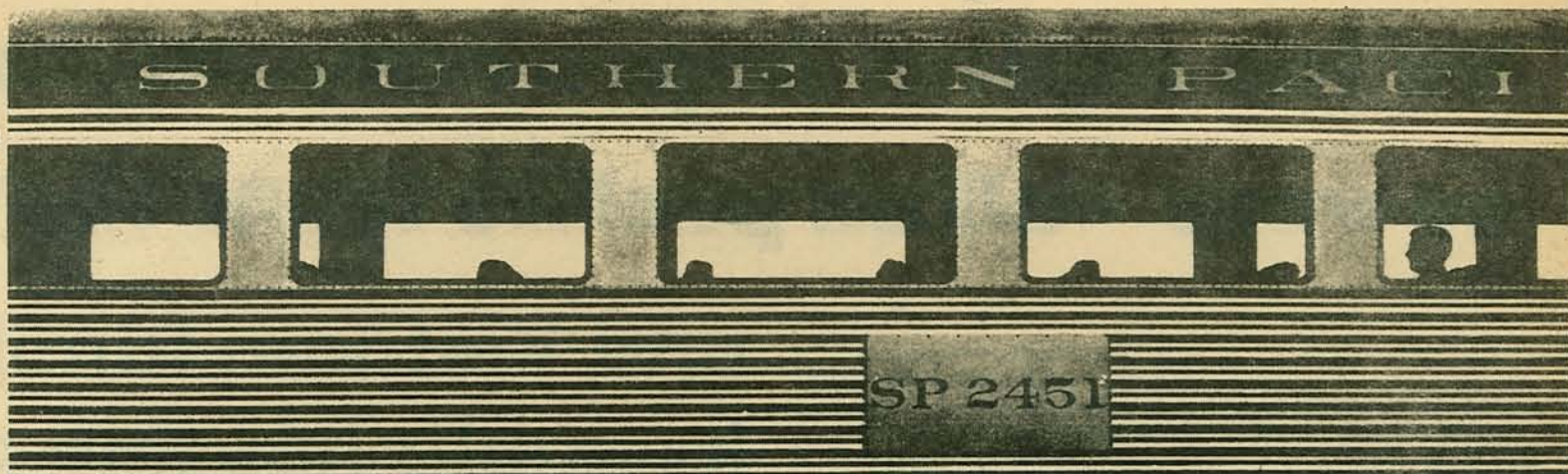
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SP's schedule changes

make the



The vanishing American.

(SP's illustration for its controversial 1965 "Vanishing campaign.")

SP passenger vanish

— continued from page 1

to downgrade service in general -- in the name of economy -- the Coast Daylight was picked as the last to go. To date, it is the only long-distance passenger train SP has not tried to discontinue.

That isn't to say it escaped SP's economy slices. The dining car was replaced with an "automatic buffet" -- a coach refurbished for vending machine meal service -- and the parlor car runs only every third day.

The service and the atmosphere left me with the feeling I was riding on borrowed time -- a momentary escape into the past.

The Oakland depot, where a bus leaves at 9:15 to transport passengers across the bay, is a dark cavern filled with ghostly echoes, the stench of diesel oil and disinfectant.

"How dead it seems. All those benches and nobody to sit on them," one lady remarks.

At trainside the brakeman and a porter are gabbing. "Mr. Russell would like to get rid of this train too," the brakie says, referring to D.J. Russell, chairman of a railroad company that spans 12 states and includes trucks, pipelines and air freight as well as 12,000 miles of track.

The aloof Mr. Russell doesn't like passenger trains. "That guy doesn't like anybody," the trainman says. "And nobody likes Mr. Russell except Mr. Russell," he adds.

Then the brakeman turns to me and, mimicking his boss, says, "Nobody speaks to Mr. Russell without being spoken to. I'll show you. You be the vice-president."

"Here boy, I want to talk with you," he says to me, tugging my collar. We all laugh till it's time to go.

The train speeds through Butchertown and down the Peninsula. In the automat car I sit down to a cup of coffee and stale donuts, recalling how author Richard Reinhardt once described the car's decor as "early factory lunchroom." My eye catches the menu on the wall: Bread and butter, 30 cents; cheese sandwich, 65.

Back in my seat, I watch the scenery as we wind through the Pajaro Valley. Two women across the aisle are gossiping. One says she bought her ticket from a young clerk who was being trained on the job. "He asked me if I wanted a seat on the ocean side," she says, "and the ticket agent warned him: 'Don't tell them any more than you have to.'"

Later, I headed for the automat and a rude surprise: Although it's only 5 p.m., the car is closed. By now the lone attendant is counting his change. He doesn't go through the train announcing his plans to close shop (as is the custom on the better railroads) because: "That's not my job. I get paid

railroad baron in the finest tradition of Gould, Fisk and Harriman. In a U.C.-Davis Railroad Club pamphlet, "Quotations from Chairman Russell," he is reported to have answered the question "do you ever smile?" thus:

"I smile sometimes. On certain occasions when con-

quin Valley residents whose parents and grandparents were so ruthlessly exploited by the same company. SP's grip on the fate and fortune of valley farmers has been preserved for posterity by Frank Norris in "The Octopus." Yet today we need not resort to fiction to depict the Octopus that

campaign engineered by Foote, Cone & Belding to make the image of the railroad passenger seem hopelessly obsolete. (See "Vanishing American" illustration, P. 6.) It read: Effective Mar. 23, Southern Pacific will coordinate the schedule of the Coast Daylight with Cascade schedule to Portland in order that travelers from California points have a convenient connection at San Francisco... See condensed schedules below."

On the surface it sounded very nice, perhaps even hinting of a change in SP's policy toward passenger service. (One feature of the schedule change included a 7 a.m. San Joaquin Daylight departure from Los Angeles, an improvement over the former 5:40 a.m. departure which the PUC had criticized as an effective deterrent to train travel.)

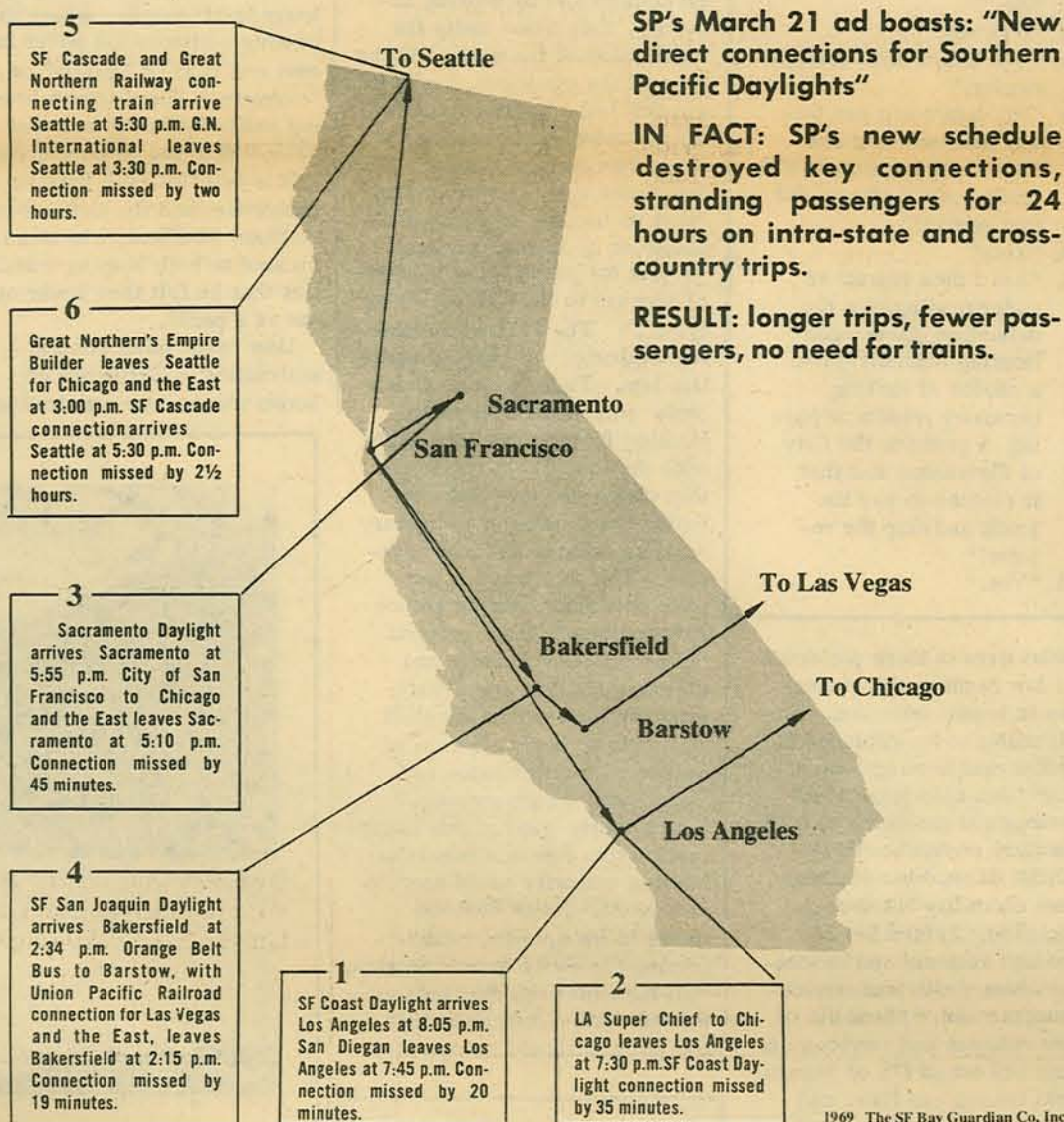
The PUC approved the schedule change. Because such changes are usually routine, no public hearing was called. Yet this application was anything but routine. The Commission ignored the fact that, in effect, it wipes out every long-distance passenger train in the West -- and therein lies Southern Pacific's victory.

In recent years the PUC has fought SP in dozens of hearings in which the railroad has sought to eliminate passenger trains and to discourage patronage of those trains it was forced to run. Thus it might appear incredible that the PUC could overlook the SP tactic of eliminating the few remaining passengers on the Sacramento and San Joaquin Daylights, thereby strengthening the railroad's argument for discontinuing the trains. In fact, the record shows that this apparent oversight was anything but unintentional.

Prior to March 23, a passenger going from Washington, Oregon or Northern California to Southern California would ride the Cascade south to Martinez. There he would change to the southbound San Joaquin Daylight to continue his trip. Likewise, a northbound passenger would change to the Cascade at Martinez.

This important connection accounted for the bulk of through passengers on the valley Daylights. The PUC found that in 1967, 14,579 passengers boarded the southbound Daylight at Martinez, while 13,000 detrained there. "The great majority of these travelers were transferring from or to the Cascade," the

Is this the way to run a railroad?



the same no matter what I do. The railroad says I have to be closed up by six. Anything after that is on my own time."

He confesses: "You know what it's like working for SP? It's a bitch. I don't like to turn people away, but the company gives me no choice. I'm held responsible for all this food." The people? "Well," he says, "they're going to take this train off. But they don't mind taking the people's freight."

If the real D.J. Russell were asked to please stand up, I'd expect to meet a latter-day

ditions are just right, I smile."

Mr. Russell probably is smiling right now. Conditions couldn't be better. After years of fighting the California Public Utilities Commission for permission to discontinue passenger trains that interfere with its lucrative freight business, Southern Pacific has won a major victory. The PUC last March approved SP's plan to destroy what little remains of passenger trainservice in the West.

Ironically, among the hardest hit in this latest episode of SP's time-table to end all time-tables are the San Joa-

lurks in the murky depths of 65 Market Street. Nor to describe what was perhaps the biggest blunder in railroad regulation since the PUC was established in 1912.

Early last March Southern Pacific bought newspaper space to announce "New direct connections for Southern Pacific Daylights with the overnight Cascade to Portland."

It was not an advertisement, but an announcement, a State PUC requirement to inform the public. SP has not promoted a passenger train since Oct. 1965 and its famous "Vanishing American" advertising, an intensive

How SP railroads the PUC

— continued from page 6

PUC noted.

Also, under the old schedule, those going East could change at Lathrop and proceed to Sacramento for a convenient connection with the eastbound City of San Francisco.

Under the new schedule, a north-south passenger bypasses Martinez and the San Joaquin Daylight connection, and changes at San Francisco between the Coast Daylight and the Cascade.

What's wrong with that? Can't people still get where they're going?

Not quite. The new timetable reveals what SP has accomplished with the blessings of the PUC:

1. The Coast Daylight just happens to arrive in Los Angeles 20 minutes after the Santa Fe connecting train to San Diego has departed. The passenger is stranded and must wait overnight until the next train to San Diego. (See p. 6 map for precise details. Numerals in this series correspond to the numerals on the map.)

2. The same train also just happens to miss the eastbound Super Chief's Los Angeles departure by 35 minutes.

3. The Sacramento Daylight just happens to miss the eastbound City of San Francisco by 45 minutes.

4. The southbound San Joaquin Daylight just happens to miss a connecting bus from Bakersfield to Barstow by 19 minutes -- a bus which at Barstow meets the Union Pacific train for Las Vegas and the East.

5. The northbound Cascade, and connection to Seattle, just happens to arrive two hours after the last Great Northern departure for Vancouver (formerly an advertised connection which permitted through travel between California and Canada without layovers en route), and several hours after the Great Northern and Northern Pacific crack trans-continental trains have left Seattle.

Result: No connections, fewer passengers, and the valley Daylight service, as the vital link in SP network, is wiped out.

Southern Pacific first applied to discontinue the San Joaquin and Sacramento Daylights in the summer of 1966, one year after it had successfully eliminated the overnight Owl over the valley route.

Last year, after disposing of the Lark, a coastal train and the last overnight service to Los Angeles, SP tried again to remove the valley trains. Opposition to removing the trains came from 19 public agencies, 32 individuals, three states; Portland, San Fran-

cisco, Los Angeles and five other cities; the League of California Cities; four counties in California, and the American Society of Travel Agents. The travel agents took their stand despite the fact that SP has not given commissions since Dec. 31, 1964.

Robert M. Jochner, SP passenger traffic manager since 1967 and one of the few men who would like to see his job eliminated, conceded in an interview early in May that the San Joaquin Daylight would be the next train to go. (Two weeks later it was made public). As a first step, with little publicity, SP had applied in April to get rid of the Sacramento Daylight, substituting bus service. Jochner called it "just another economy move."

Jochner, of course, declines to admit that the new schedule is a deliberate attempt to discourage the Daylight's ever-dwindling patronage. But next month when hearing time rolls around -- a PUC hearing is required to determine whether the service is justified by "public convenience and necessity" -- Jochner will be able to produce impressive figures to prove his trains have been abandoned by the public.

SP's strategy is already working. Jochner showed me records of the average number of revenue passengers per day on the San Joaquin Daylight, April 1 through 28 (immediately after the new schedule went into effect). They showed how the northbound and southbound trains, which averaged 110 riders a day last year, are down about 40

passengers per trip. Similarly, the northbound Cascade showed an average decrease of 47 passengers and the southbound was down 28 riders per day over the same period.

Years ago, SP was a favorite target of many Bay Area dailies (SP "was running California like Nero ran Rome," William Randolph Hearst, Jr., said of those days in a recent speech at U.C.), but today San Francisco's press is curiously silent about SP shenanigans and Hearst's Examiner congratulated SP for removing the Lark "as the bird that cannot fly." Examiner columnist Dick Nolan stands almost alone among local daily journalists with his frequent attacks on SP.

Jim Shea's primary role, as SP's public relations chief, is to keep SP out of the headlines -- in line with what one SP executive characterized as its "quiet, terribly conservative" corporate image--and SP seldom gets much ink between train wrecks and centennial celebrations. The decline in publicity isn't matched by a corresponding decline in corporate prestige -- SP is an enormous power in the state's agribusiness complex, it owns the state's largest trucking company, it owns the Fontana Apartment site, much of the Butchertown industrial area in San Francisco, and outstate it holds some 200,000 acres of prime farm land.

Former PUC Chairman William Bennett, who issued a lone, powerful dissent to the discontinuance of the Lark last year, told me that case was "the pub-

lic signal for the great change in the Commission" and marked the turning point in PUC policy toward SP.

Is this why the PUC -- by law the guardian of the public interest -- approved SP's schedule change? Perhaps not, but it further demonstrates that the PUC, under Gov. Reagan's administration, has become a pawn of the utilities it is supposed to regulate.

SP is an old hand at this game. As far back as the 1880's, Oscar Lewis wrote, "the railroad had managed to head off every attempt at regulation. Occasionally, it was by the Governor's veto, more often by challenging the legality of the measures in the courts. If both these devices failed, the company had a final resource: that of controlling the agencies charged with putting the new measures into effect."

However, Commissioner Albert W. Gatov, the PUC's senior member and sole remaining appointee of Gov. Brown,

Sketch By H. Endemann 1969, The SF Bay Guardian Co., Inc.

maintained in an interview that SP does not exert pressure and asks no special favors.

"Southern Pacific retains the hard-nosed philosophy of the Crocker and the Harrimans," Gatov told me. "They're rough, tough railroaders." As the lone survivor of a Democratic administration, he admits the PUC attitude is "weakening" on retaining passenger trains the railroads seek to discontinue. This he attributes to "the recognition that trains are not used."

The question still remains: Why was SP's schedule change routinely referred for study to the PUC operations and passenger branch, headed by John L. Pearson, without a public hearing? Bennett charged the PUC "could not withstand the public scrutiny" of a hearing.

There is a great danger, Bennett said, when the public thinks it is being protected, but it is not. "If this is what the Commission is doing, let's have a tax dollar savings by abolishing it."

I confronted three commissioners and several key PUC staff members with my train-scuttling conclusions. None expressed much surprise or the slightest inclination to do anything about it.

Pearson was no red-faced civil servant apologizing for one of the biggest blunders in railroad regulation in years. He discounted the effect of SP's scheduling tricks, buying the fact SP advanced the Daylight's LA departure time and SP's stress on "convenience," despite evidence to the contrary.

James Mulligrew, Pearson's boss and head of the PUC transportation division, echoed Pearson's sentiments.

— continued to page 15

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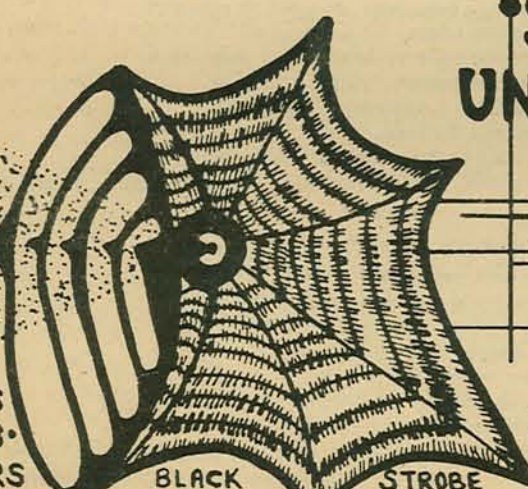
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Superchron on the lam

Superchron's news monopoly in San Francisco, and similar joint agency monopolies in 21 other cities, have been dealt three mortal blows in just the past few days. This monopoly edifice is beginning to crumble and the local battle of a handful of odd political bedfellows—Al Kihn, J. Hart Clinton of the San Mateo Times, Blanche Streeter, Atty. Charles Cline Moore, the Guardian -- has put Superchron on the lam.

1. The Senate Subcommittee on antitrust and monopoly voted unanimously, as The Guardian goes to press, to keep bottled up in committee the Newspaper Preservation Act Bill, the bill that would legalize the Superchron type of joint agency monopoly.

The reason: the dramatic weight of recent testimony against the bill (from San Francisco, from the Mayor of Milwaukee, from the Tucson, Ariz. city council, from some unions and, in particular, from President Nixon's chief antitrust official, Richard W. McLaren.)

The subcommittee decided to hold up the bill until the Justice Department works out a divestiture in Tucson with the two

papers whose joint agreement provoked the government's original antitrust suit. Thus, the bill is pretty well dead.

This agreement, according to the U.S. Supreme Court's Tucson decision, must split up all joint advertising, circulation, credit and profit-pooling operations. Only printing functions can be left in combination.

All this means Superchron is in danger of losing its newspaper monopoly. For, if the Justice Department hesitates to move against Superchron with its Tucson mandate, then Atty. Charles Cline Moore will file an antitrust suit on behalf of Superchron's advertisers and the Guardian will file an antitrust suit, as a competitive newspaper, to break up Superchron's monopoly on the same grounds as Tucson. It's time we got some law enforcement in San Francisco.

2. McLaren testified that the Justice Department opposed the bill because price-fixing and profit-pooling are inherent Sherman Act violations. "If a newspaper can be saved only by eliminating all competition between it and its competitors, we doubt any good can be made

missioner. I...
two more brutal murders...
ought the City's homicide total...
year to 66 — double last...
ear's rate. Page 35.



for the artificial preservation of so lifeless an enterprise," he said aptly.

Especially, let us add, an enterprise so shaky and lifeless it must bully the supervisors and the mayor for city tax relief, that it must rout its

on got a ne...
ashington's traffic...
said he is glad he...
commute to work.
best...
matf...
Yorl...
declared a state of...
o deal with a wave of...
unrest. Page 15.
onvoy carried badly needed...
es to an allied camp be...
d by enemy forces for more...
a month in South Vietnam.
ge 14.
aid...
columist West...
died at 74 in Tucson
brook P...
Ariz. Pag...

sion overturned the license renewal of WLBT-TV in Jackson, Miss., and sharply criticized the "curious neutrality" of the FCC in the case. Judge Burger, "Nixon's strict constructionist," held that the station showed "a profound hostility to public participation" and showed serious racial discrimination in programming (example: the station deleted network coverage of Martin Luther King.)

Burger's decision will provide ammo for Kihn in his FCC license attack on KRON, the Chronicle's television subsidiary, for news management and monopoly abuse. This means the Chronicle is in further danger of losing its television station.

It may be, it just may be, that San Francisco once again may get real newspaper competition despite the snorting and the writhing of its big publishers.

To the editor:
Dear

Editor's note: A San Francisco physician and PG&E stockholder asked PG&E for comment on The Guardian's Raker Act investigation. The article showed how PG&E has defied the City of San Francisco, the federal courts, the U.S. government and the U.S. Supreme Court in preventing the city from getting millions of dollars in annual benefits from the public power it produces in its own system in the Sierra.

Dear Dr. _____:

Thank you for returning your proxy for use at the annual meeting which was held on April 22. We are pleased to respond to your request for a reaction to the article and editorial appearing in the March 27 issue of the BAY GUARDIAN.

To the editor:
Dear sir:

The author was Dr. J.B. Neilands, a professor of biochemistry at the University of California, Berkeley, and a long-time advocate of government ownership of public utilities.

This article, as has been the case with others by Dr. Neilands on this subject, contains innumerable misstatements of fact and misleading conclusions. The headline, "How PG and E Robs S.F. of Cheap Power," is patently inaccurate and unjustified.

As Dr. Neilands acknowledges, voters on eight occasions have rejected measures to put San Francisco into the public power business. However, instead of accepting this as a clear mandate from the public, he attempts to impugn the honesty of PG & E and the city's newspapers.

Dear

The BAY GUARDIAN is a publication of very limited circulation. As part of its continuing program of attacking various segments of the business community, it has printed other anti-PGandE articles on occasion. It is our considered judgment that nothing constructive could be gained by arguing the Hetch Hetchy situation in this periodical.

You may be interested in the attached memorandum prepared in 1953 by the Public Utilities Commission of San Francisco. Although written some years ago, it gives a summary of the long history of the Hetch Hetchy situation.

Since the date of that memorandum the Company and the City have renegotiated the contract in several particulars to meet changing conditions. We are satisfied that the City--and PGand E--are complying with all the requirements of the Raker Act.

I trust this information is helpful.

JOHN F. TAYLOR
(Secretary, PG & E)

To the editor:

I have read with great interest your summary of the Hetch Hetchy affair in the March 27, 1969 issue. This story has become an American classic; there is nothing, to my knowledge, quite like it historically.

Hetch Hetchy illustrates two glaring weaknesses in the American scheme of government: 1. The helplessness of the Federal Government in carrying forward national policies when confronted with the obstructionism and sabotage of subordinate, local governments. This covers practically every phase of Federal activity, except the military, from natural resources to social welfare to civil rights. 2. The helplessness of the Federal Government in dealing with privileged monopolies created by the states or other local governments.

The grantees of these special privileges can defy the Federal Government and corrupt or intimidate local governments, thereby nullifying the ancient historic remedy against privilege-forfeiture. Since the Federal Government did not grant the privilege in the first instance, it cannot subsequently declare it forfeit for misfeasance or non-feasance.

In scamming your Hetch Hetchy Chronology from 1902-1969, the thought struck me that some means should be found to put flesh on this skeleton by publishing a one volume account of the affair, including the basic public documents involved. So far as I know this has not been done, although there is a large body of documentary material available.

I became interested in this case back in the early 1930's when Secretary of the Interior, Harold Ickes, was trying to com-

pel the City to obey the Raker Act. Those with whom I was then associated recognized that the future prospects for public power depended in large measure on the outcome of Hetch Hetchy. Unless the Federal Government could assert its authority over natural resources, and carry that authority through to the final consumer, despite the opposition of privileged monopolists and corrupt local governments, then the scope of public power would be severely limited. When we lost Hetch Hetchy we lost the war.

HORACE M. GRAY
(Professor of Economics, Emeritus
University of Illinois)
Wichita Falls, Texas

To the editor:
This is the second time I've seen the Guardian. If two samples have any truth, then maybe you're atop the most responsible, literate tabloid in the crowded field.

ART SEIDENBAUM
(Los Angeles Times Columnist)



"My god, I didn't see THAT in the new SP timetable!"

THE BAY GUARDIAN

"It is a newspaper's duty to print the news, and raise hell." (Wilbur F. Storey: Statement of the aims of the Chicago Times, 1861.)

Editor and publisher: Bruce B. Brugmann
Managing editor: Roger Henkle
Associate editors: Jean Dibble, Alan Velie
General manager: Printer L. Bowler
City editor: Creighton H. Churchill
News and features: Wilbur Wood
Assistant to the publisher: Nancy Hunn
News staff: William Anderson, Douglas Dibble, Robert Jones, Troy Holter

Layout editor: Blair Paltridge
Assistant layout editor: Marion Dibble
Advertising manager: Blanche Streeter
Retail advertising director: Evelyn Won
Art editor: George Gardiner
Photo editor: Phil Palmer
Roving editors: Michael Kernan, Karl Tunberg
Business manager: Paul Sherlock
Editors at large: Marvin Breslow, Jess Brownell, Wilbur Gaffney, William Kelsay, Theodore Rasmussen
Production: Annette Creel, Sally King
Distribution: Gary Baldwin

Yes, Sen. Dirksen, lousy...

This in microcosm is the most current and compelling evidence I can provide of the impregnable power of the agency monopoly and the danger in perpetuating it forever as the Baron

Not until Tucson did the monopoly publishers realize this immunity might evaporate. They promptly pumped up special interest legislation and went for

If you plant a flower on Uni-

San Francisco has lived in involuntary servitude under S. 1520 monopoly for the past four years -- since the merger in 1965 killed one newspaper, the San Francisco News-Call Bulletin, and merged, like a hen with a fox, the San Francisco Examiner

without a government subsidy. And I think the big papers ought to be able to make it on their own without government subsidies, particularly in the case of San Francisco when the publishers never told us, never gave us any figures, on how they concluded amongst themselves that they were indeed failing newspapers.

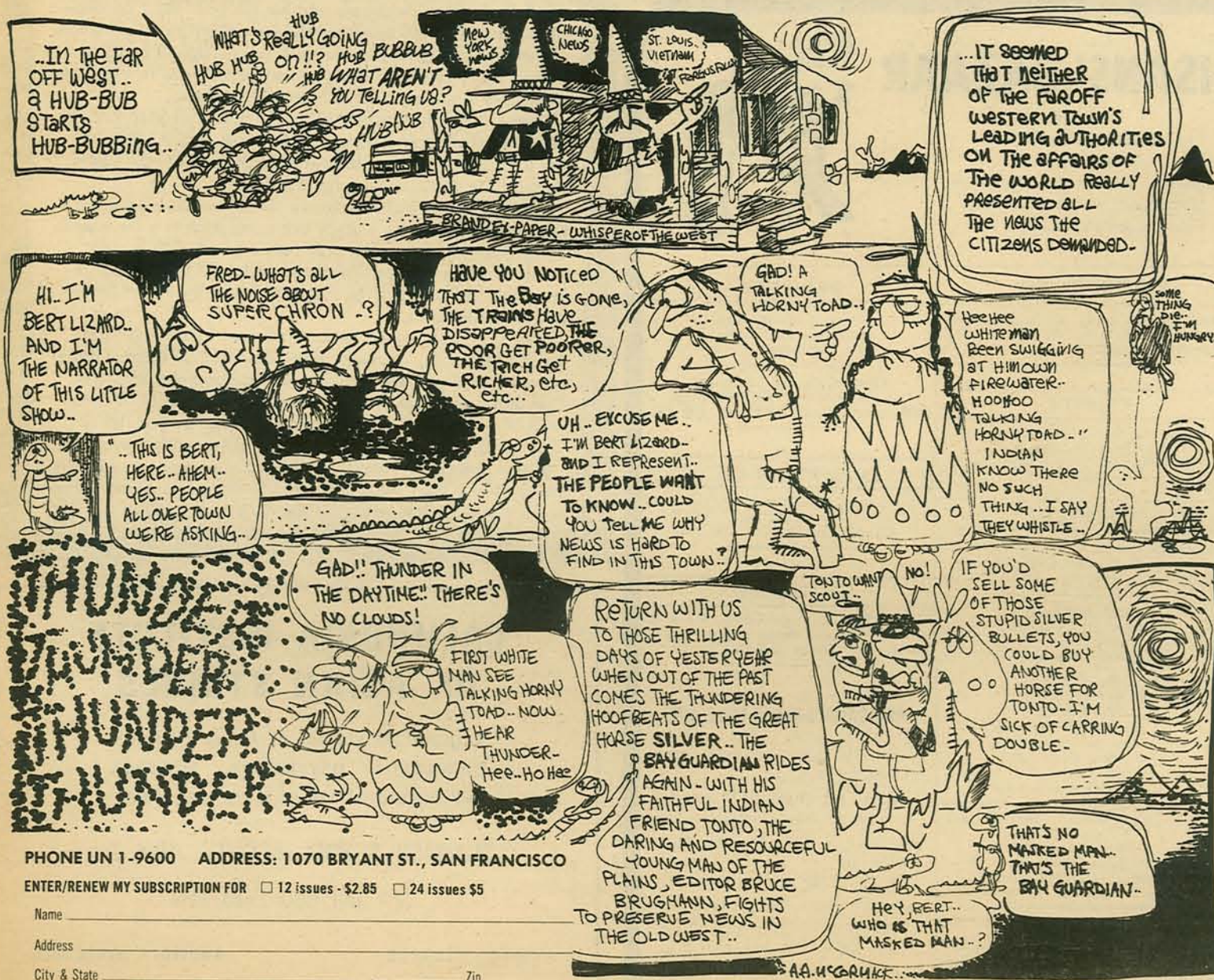
The Chronicle laments in its petition that it is "really being criticized for following the tra-

lousy...

Brugmann: Lousy.

Does anyone of sound mind and mien think these trends will be halted by legalizing the processes and practices that in large part produced them? Does any-

Let me emphasize straight-away that neither the Chronicle nor Hearst, owner of the Examiner and the old News-Call, bothered to show that they were indeed "failing newspapers" before they were merged. We have heard a lot this morning and in other hearings about the failing newspapers, about the subsidies, about the subsidies we ought to give these newspapers, and I emphasize, as the son and grandson of successful Iowa pharmacists since 1902, as a publisher, a liberal Democrat, that I believe in the free enterprise system and I believe that newspapers ought to make it on their own steam. I am going to make it on my own



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Zig

'We don't have failing newspapers in San Francisco - we have failing publishers'

-continued from page 9

ditional American concept of free and competitive enterprise. "Let's chuckle again, then make the correction: This is the point: Superchron's monopoly position and profits do not flow naturally from the play of the free enterprise system we read about in Examiner-Chronicle editorials. That is a system for newspapers like the Guardian to make their way under. No. It comes largely through strategic government help: (1) through a government franchise, KRON, which gave the Chronicle broadcast profits it used to force Hearst to the wall competitively and destroy newspaper competition in San Francisco; (2) through the U.S. Government's refusal to prosecute the 1965 merger -- this is most interesting -- despite the then pending Tucson case; and (3) through S. 1520 to validate the merger retroactively and foreclose competition forever in San Francisco.

So where are these "failing newspapers" we are asked to succor and pray for? Where are these newspapers that swirl toward bankruptcy like the doomed ship in Poe's "The Maelstrom." What I find in San Francisco are "failing publishers" -- the second generation of Hearsts and the third generation de Youngs whose blood runs to the thickness, say, of the Pulitzer sons who peddled off the newspaper, the New York World, that made the name Pulitzer synonymous with great

journalism. The urge to merge and monopolize can be transmitted biologically, but apparently not the ability to put out a competitive newspaper.

It is one thing to subsidize "failing publishers" like these. It is quite another to subsidize them when they refuse to produce publicly the profit and loss figures (certified by audit, which the government can independently check) that would show whether they are telling the truth.

The independent audit here is extremely important. I only have to refer to some of the materials that have surfaced before your Subcommittee. Newspaper conglomerates, especially Hearst through its syndicates, subsidiaries and renting operations, often fudge accounting procedures to show conveniently staggering losses. For example, to help justify the Los Angeles mergers in 1962, Hearst fudged its accounts to show convenient losses for its Los Angeles Examiner, the sister of Hearst's Examiner in San Francisco, Government auditors, during the Celler anti-monopoly hearings in 1963, were asked to examine Hearst records.

They found, among other things, and again this is testimony in booklets published by your Committee, that Hearst's Examiner recorded a loss of \$2,037,000 from 1957 through 1961 while the paper should show a profit of \$6,124,000 if it had used -- a nice government euphemism -- "generally accepted accounting

procedures." For 1961 alone, just before the "hardship" merger of Hearst's two properties, they found Examiner profits should have been \$1,240,000 instead of losses of \$1,551,000.

The big profits are in monopoly and joint agencies and chains and cross-media ownership, not in competing media, and that is why these publishers look upon competition as they do upon Bolshevism. There is not enough money for them in competition.

For nobody -- Mayor Maier in Milwaukee, the City Council in Tucson, the agricultural implement dealers in Des Moines, the New Left in Berkeley, the American Independent Party, wherever it may be -- should have to deal with only one city editor and only one ad manager and one circulation manager in town. Nor should citizens anywhere in larger communities have to rely upon the whim of one corporation or one person for the information and news they need to govern their communities and organize their lives. The stream of information should run deep and freely and within easy reach of everybody.

Competitive papers don't guarantee delicately balanced coverage or a two-fisted champion for every point of view, but they do increase the odds and give everybody some choice and some bargaining leverage.

Let me give you some specific examples from my competitive

-continued on page 11

Newhall, Alioto answer charges

Excerpts from Newhall's reply to the U.S. Senate Sub Committee on Anti-Trust and Monopoly:

"...The reports indicated that Mr. Brugmann used the courtesy extended him as a witness to use the cloak of privilege granted Congressional hearings as a platform maliciously to attack both the San Francisco Chronicle and myself personally as attempting to blackmail Mayor Joseph Alioto by withholding from publication a purported news story depicting the mayor as being involved in questionable association.

"This allegation is totally false and is, without equivocation, an outright lie. First, I am totally unaware that any responsible story can demonstrate any unsavory gossip in connection with Mayor Alioto. Furthermore, Mayor Alioto has conducted the affairs of our city with dignity, courage and compassion...."

Mayor Alioto's response to the U.S. Senate Sub Committee is as follows:

"Dear Senator (Philip Hart): The San Francisco Chronicle recently was accused before your committee of attempting 'political blackmail' against me.

"There is no truth whatsoever to the allegation. The charge was made by the publisher of a small San Francisco monthly. He alleges a totally fictitious conversation between the executive editor of the Chronicle, Mr. Scott Newhall, and me.

"He is incorrect in his testimony that The Chronicle tried to pressure me into withdrawing my veto against an exemption for newspapers from San Francisco's gross receipts tax. To put it plainly, I would not succumb to such pressure. I welcome any newspaper inquiry into my career.

"I believe newspapers have the responsibility to know thoroughly about public officials and to report objectively and fully about them. I have nothing to fear from The Chronicle, and resent any implication I might have.

Excerpts from Brugmann's reply to the Senate Committee:

As Sen. Dirksen commented during my testimony on the delights and delicacies of San Francisco journalism, "Anything can happen out there."

He's right. When I returned from Washington, I found my remarks had the force of divine intervention in San Francisco politics. Mr. Alioto and Mr. Newhall had mysteriously resolved their differences and were toasting each other with buckets of Mums.

It is indeed amazing the power of a "small San Francisco monthly..."

The point is, however, that neither Newhall nor Alioto denied what most everyone in political circles here knew: that the Chronicle started its investigation shortly after Alioto's veto, that it had two reporters on the story and that they were asking all kinds of people -- attorneys, businessmen, law enforcement officials -- pointed questions about Alioto's business dealings, and his alleged Mafia connections. They've both admitted the investigation to newsmen.

I've talked to many of the persons questioned by the reporters and I've traced their investigative steps in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Sacramento and Stockton.

More: I didn't start this talk of "unsavory gossip in connection with Mayor Alioto," as Newhall puts it. He and the Chronicle did when they started their noisy and club-footed investigation of many months.

The cause and effect between the Chronicle's investigation and its battle for a juicy tax exemption was obvious to many (the mayor was the only real obstacle left in city hall). But the precise Chronicle strategy I learned on unimpeachable authority from sources close to Alioto here and in Washington.

The Chronicle wasn't using "political blackmail" just for the hell of it, as stories here indicated by their leaving out and playing down of the tax exemption business. The Chronicle was after an exemption worth hundreds of thousands of dollars and Newhall and his influence peddler in City Hall, Dave Nelson, had been pulling corks for months.

It was arrogance enough for Superchron to go for this relief but the rough stuff made the whole business unconscionable and the best reason afloat for the defeat of S.1520.

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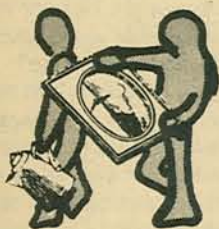
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Environments. Berkeley.

The square in front of dwinelle hall is filled with sunlight. A man, supported by friends, kneels on the concrete. His sweater is streaked with blood. On the other side of the square four or five people are on their hands and knees. One of them straightens with a grunt of satisfaction, holding a tiny sphere of birdshot. You can't find them unless they glint in the sun.

A girl frantically pushes a friend in a wheelchair. As they go diagonally in front of the building, the crippled girl gazes incredulously toward sather gate, where the san francisco tac squad is regrouping after finishing a charge to clear the area. We withdraw before the charge but as soon as the police pull back we flood right into the area again. It's been this way all afternoon.

It is relatively quiet now, except for the boom-boom of tear gas canisters from somewhere on telegraph avenue, and the sound of the police helicopter racketing overhead. In a kind of counterpoint to the sensory assault of these sounds, and of the sight of the black smoke and white gas clouds, the square is filled with the sound of coughing. The street people and the students make a continuous, varied pattern of sound, like Stockhausen, the german composer, who hears music everywhere. I hear it too--it is a kind of communication, a kind of language, something real. It is the result of tear gas in our throats, and it is a kind of music.

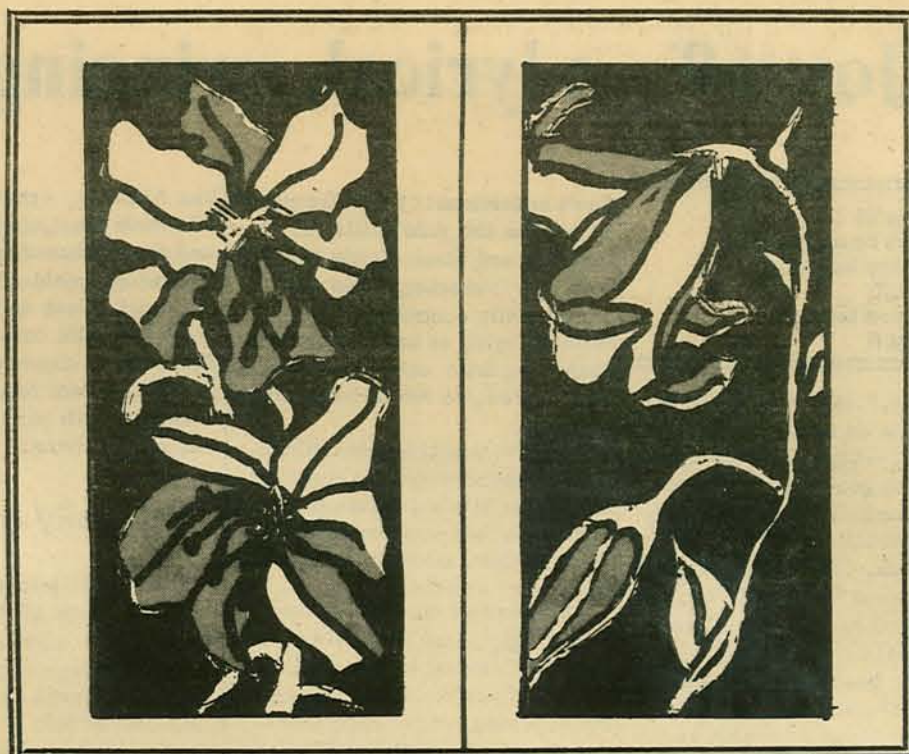
The wind slowly clears the gas from the square, the coughing subsides a little, and the sunlight becomes a real thing again, as if none of us can perceive both the physical and the emotional situation at the same time. We stand in the afternoon, with our schizoid american abilities, as if there were no spirit attached to sensory receptors, as if the wires of the eyes led nowhere. Some people hunt for rocks to throw. A woman in a pink dress sits on a concrete bench. She coughs from time to time but otherwise she looks placid enough. Two professors walk intelligently by, talking with heavy, germanic accents. Some students catch up on their reading. When the police come yelling and firing through the gate again, the students will look up, get up, join our mass and we'll all disappear, but for now they read, they wipe their eyes, they read again.

Earlier, I found a girl sitting in the bushes by the parking lot behind dwinelle. She was crying as hard as she could but she didn't dare wipe the tear gas from her eyes. Now, she and I want to see what's going on toward telegraph so we circle around through the lower part of sproul plaza. The police suddenly seem absent-minded, as if the adrenalin had begun to wear off. The high is now over and the long, empty descent begins. You know the empty feeling you have after you've been angry.

"Keep to the lower end of the plaza," says a berkeley cop, pointing with his stick, his voice a mixture of exhaustion and violence, as if he had just finished making love. We keep to the lower end of the plaza and come on bancroft way. We are stunned, we don't know whether to tune in on what has happened physically or emotionally. A hundred people gather in the street. We look up to see the consolidated, amalgamated, homogenous police force drift absently toward us. They are flexible and anonymous as snakes, they make no request of us, they press us to the west, toward shattuck avenue, we go, a hundred or more, hand in hand, wet paper towels in our pockets to protect ourselves from the gas. For four hours berkeley has been out of control.

And even now we cannot come back to ourselves. What were we thinking of, holding hands in the middle of the battle, sitting in the sunlight, talking to friends? I feel as if I had been through a long civil war during which I've been steadily exhausted so that all it is now possible to remember is a principal, a way of feeling, a vigor... I drop the girl's hand as we are pressed down bancroft.

Enemy of the State



If one of these subversives
invades your private property,

ROOT IT OUT!

Sketch by Marion Dibble

From a record player in a third floor window, Rodriguez' guitar concerto is playing.

But nevertheless, though none of us knows individually how to make sense of everything that is happening to us, a deeper, instinctive consciousness seems to be at work, especially among the students of the country, black and white. It has led us from mississippi and the black struggle for liberation, to the campuses of the colleges, to vietnam. Always there is the feeling that we are dealing with peripheral issues--that we are in marshmallow struggle--that we can't even see the face of the enemy. But here in berkeley, suddenly our emotional confusion becomes intolerable to us and we begin to develop a more positive sense of what should happen to us in the future. It is a sense that has practical, political virtue as well as emotional value, it is a way of involving the non-student and the older person as well as the young, it is a way of thinking that should bring us at last into confrontation with the real power forces of the society--it is the idea that anything that inhibits the physical, economic, social or emotional fulfillment of any of us is an ecological outrage.

Because ecology--environment--is more than just a physical or material thing. We should get hold of some indians and use them one last time to tell us how they lived in relation to the land, and then we should take off from there, advancing in awareness almost as if we could conceive of the world as a single huge consciousness--the cities full of radiations and vibrations, a billion voices singing to each other, trees, fish, flowers....

Ecology

A log crashes into the fireplace, the ceiling is flooded with sudden light, and I look at you as if at a mile-high wave of water -- I'm halfway into myself, halfway into the future. As usual, the bay area is one big spaceship, in which nobody can listen to music without wandering, because it makes us more sensitive.

Superchron

--continued from page 10

experience of how S. 1520 monopoly works in San Francisco -- in a word, arrogantly.

Almost at the peak of its monopoly troubles and legal difficulties last fall, Superchron sent its agents into city hall in a brazen attempt to save itself hundreds of thousands of dollars through an exemption from the city's new gross receipts tax. This I might point out is another form of subsidy publishers already get, tax exemptions, and this is an exemption quite common throughout the business, to get your paper exempted from the local gross receipts tax in your local city. Superchron lost the first time

around, six to five, before the Board of Supervisors, then tried again, and got as far as Mayor Alioto's courageous veto, then arrogantly tried the third time but couldn't get the Mayor to budge.

Superchron's lobbying -- I think anybody in political office anywhere in the United States can get very quickly what I am talking about -- Superchron's lobbying amounted to political blackmail of the most vicious cut. It was an open secret in City Hall that Scott Newhall, the Chronicle's executive editor, and Dave Nelson, his friend and political hatchet man, were bullying supervisors with a simple threat: support or non-support (little pub-

licity or much publicity) in the next election and, in the case of Supervisor Jack Ertola, the swing vote, support if and when he runs for mayor. The second time around Ertola swung and swung fast, and the Newhall/Nelson team had the Board in its pocket.

However, Mayor Alioto was made of sterner stuff. As a former antitrust attorney of national reputation, he was one of the few politicians in political office who well understood Superchron's antitrust transgressions and, as the Democratic candidate in the last mayoralty election, he had been slighted regularly by both the Examiner and the Chronicle in favor of their endorsed candidate, Republican Harold Dobbs.

A few days after he vetoed Superchron's exemption, the story rocketed into the inner and outer circles of City Hall that the Chronicle had started an intensive investigation of Alioto, his Italian background and his business dealings. Two veteran

Chronicle reporters, one with wide contacts in local and state Democratic circles, the other with extensive police and FBI contacts, were put to work questioning Alioto's associates and friends about any alleged connections Alioto had with the Mafia.

Other newspapers and representatives of the national media heard about the Chronicle investigation, as did many other people on the inside in San Francisco, and embarrassed the mayor's office with persistent inquiries. "How do you do anything about this?" a mayor's aide complained to a representative of a national magazine.

Newhall, I am reliably informed, then told Alioto he would call his reporters off the story if Alioto would not veto the tax exemption the third time around. Alioto, a nationally prominent mayor, was considering whether to enter the Senate or the Guber-

natorial race and, of course, what he was going to do about the critical factor of hometown newspaper support from the Examiner and the Chronicle.

I can report, and I do so as an editor who has been much more critical of Alioto than either the Examiner or Chronicle, that Alioto thus far has refused to buckle and the exemption languishes in the Finance Committee.

It was a dirty episode in journalism in a city not recognized for the elegance of its news values. But then came the use of private dicks by Superchron and its attempt to intimidate, harass and coerce two government witnesses. (See March 29 Guardian)

This is a classic example of Superchron monopoly arrogance. Even more significant, in the monopoly implications for S. 1520, is the fact that the story is now widely known

--continued on page 14



'Joy '69' - a lyrical, swinging view of being black

Joy '69
(On Broadway Theatre)
Glory! Hallelujah!
(ACT)
Room Service
(ACT)

"Joy '69," at the On Broadway Theatre, is an evening of Oscar Brown, Jr.—his voice, his songs, his wife, his good friends who provide his musical accompaniment, and his lyrical, swinging view of Being Black. The songs are good entertainment on several levels. When his wife, Jean Pace, sings "Funny Feeling," it's night-club sex-balled beautifully combined sophisticated artistry and primitive animalism. And with a sense of humor, yet.

Suddenly, in his own talking and singing and reciting, Oscar Brown will inject outspoken comments on Blacks vs. Whites ("If White people would only understand...that they

don't understand!") that frequently express the possibilities of equality and black dignity through love and "swinging," and only occasionally contradict this admirable spirit of brotherhood with little jingoistic needles of sarcasm that express, to me at least, some hostility.

The five assisting instrumentalists all sounded great, especially the leader Sivuca, although his accordion solo was much better the first time around than it was the second and third times.

Like Brown's other work now on view, "Big Time Buck White," "Joy '69" seems to be an absolute delight if you're black, and an eye-opening, stimulating introduction to where it's at, if you're white.

When the orchestra strikes up that overture of George M. Cohan tunes and the curtain rises on "George M.," you almost think that those corny, crude old shows of his must have had something after all. But his life, both as James Cagney simulated it in "Yankee Doodle Dandy" and as Joel Grey does it now in this Civic Light Opera musical, must have been terribly dull and uneventful (the emotional climax of "George M.," is either his divorce or the death of his father, I'm not sure which). And on top of that, Cohan seems to have been a fairly nasty character. I can believe that Joel Grey deserves the acclaim he received for bringing to life the sleazy, depraved master of ceremonies in "Cabaret," a role that says nothing for his ability to project charm as an orthodox protagonist. What I'm trying to say is that neither the role nor the actor in "George M." had any charm or interest for me.

Many of the melodies are well worth staging again, and some of them get good staging in this show. But, with the exception of Jacques

line Alloway, a statuesque beauty who looks great, sings impressively and clowns charmingly, none of the cast brings anything beyond run-of-the-mill talent to these numbers, and what little comedy there is in this musical comedy is TV-type situation humor based on Georgie's cockiness with producers. Broadway is still dying.

Creaky wheels

"Glory! Hallelujah!" is an ACT success in spite of itself. Anna Marie Barlow chose to convey her pacifist message on creaky wheels—the setting is the Civil War, the most overworked of all wars, literally and dramatically; the dramaturgy is pageant-oriented, with what happened to everybody, including the boys on the battlefield and all those folks back on the old plantation, in 27 scenes; the dialogue is transparent in its attempts at poetic or didactic effects; and the stage business is almost campily graphic, with one soldier getting a leg blown off right there in front of you. I half expected to see Eliza crossing the ice in a hail of paper snowflakes before the evening was over.

Having been smart alecky and sophisticated about all this, I must now confess that all this cumbersome stuff came together beautifully with a life and power that transcend its parts, and I was deeply moved. Not all the scenes and not all the performers come off as well as they might, but the good scenes and the good performers are superb. I particularly liked one of the newer ACT actors, Jerry Franken, and the convincing scene in which he ate some hardboiled eggs. Many others, like George Ede as the charmingly addled Uncle Will, Kitty Winn as a southern belle, and Michael Learned as the mother (although in the last act she indulges in some Method mannerisms that I could have done without) score personal triumphs that serve as jewels in the large mosaic of this epic.

ACT wisely imported Edwin Sherin, "hottest" of current Broadway directors, and turned the immense problems of this unwieldy play over to his forceful, imaginative direction. I give him credit for turning what, on paper, had all the earmarks of disaster into a most worthwhile evening.

Theatrical artifact

I wish I could say something nice about the ACT's new production of the Broadway comedy hit of the 30's "Room Service." It's a funny if old-fashioned farce, and it was a commendable idea to present it with period authenticity as an interesting theatrical artifact from a vanished era.

In the hands of accomplished comic actors, it would also have been extremely funny. The best illustration of where the ACT goes wrong in comedy is the performance

in "Room Service" of James Milton as the bumpkin who wrote the play the Broadway shoestringers are trying to produce. He is obviously meant to be a funny young hick, but, since he is also part of the romantic interest, he obviously is meant to be human and likable, perhaps a friendly parody of young Jimmy Stewart or Henry Fonda. But the only way to describe Milton's character is that he plays the boy as an effeminate Mortimer Snerd. He is grotesque, so unappealing that he is not only not funny, he makes his love scenes with Izetta Smith so weird that I felt that I ought to look away.

Another gross error is the eating scene, in which these ACT innocents are asked to perform an imitation of the Marx Brothers, presumably because director Nagle Jackson remembered that the Marx Brothers did make a movie of this play—one of the worst—and such a sequence of wild burlesque might

get some laughs, although the Marx interpretation has no place in the play as originally written. Bad judgment.

In fairness, I must point out that most other critics found "Room Service" to be hilarious. If you have ever found me to be unreliable in the past, now is the time to ignore my warnings and rush to see "Room Service."

THE END

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A radical daughter in a welfare state - polls, picketing, 23 affairs

I am Curious (Yellow) (Presidio)
2,000 Years Later (Richelieu)
If (Larkin)
The Seagull (Music Hall)
My Side of the Mountain (Fox-Parkside)
Those Daring Young Men in Their Jaunty Jalopies (Cinema 21)

By

Margo

Skinner



God knows what the leather-jacketed types I saw at the Presidio made of "I am Curious (Yellow)."

The film manages to be at once the most sexually explicit film yet, and the least erotic.

Its heroine, Lena Nyman, has a plain, though immensely expressive face, and a figure that would never make Miss World candidacy. She plays a second-generation European radical, daughter of a Social Democrat who funk'd it in Spain, living in a Welfare State saturated with material prosperity and boredom. Lena spends her time taking sociological polls, picketing "American murderers" because of Vietnam and frolicking in bed. A young girl, she has had 23 affairs, 19 of which were complete busts.

The intimate scenes of her current liaison are hardly titillating: a scruffy attempt in an overcrowded room, prefaced by furniture moving and bed-making (a TV screen announces a breakdown in communication due to "Faulty coupling"); a funny, bouncy moment on the balcony of the Swedish royal palace, to

the music of the national anthem; and finally, an exercise in aggression and mutual hate. All these episodes are believable and dramatically essential.

Fantasy runs side by side with the realistic narrative: Lena talks to Martin Luther King about non-violence; she also castrates her lover.

"Curious (Yellow)" is curiously effective. Lena is almost archetypal youth in materialist society (whether Social Democratic Sweden or Capitalist America), seeking answers on both physical and intellectual levels. Emotionally, she seems completely cut off.

The picture is marred by a frame showing director and staff at work and play, and they often intrude in the narrative with coy pleas of "Buy our film." Despite this and some slow spots, Vilgot Sjöman has made a fascinating feature, witty, penetrating, occasionally immensely moving and always original.



"2000 Years Later" is pre-tentious rubbish. Novice filmmaker Bert Tenzer, who bears full guilt—he wrote, produced and directed—has used for satirical purposes the old gimmick of a visitor from another time, in this case a Roman soldier (played by John Abbott with one expression, aghast), to criticize modern America. Lampooned ineptly are TV, hippies, high society, politicians and the military. There are some good photographic moments and cutting ("It's all cuts," Rolfe Peterson said wittily), but the latter becomes repetitious, and the dialogue makes your teeth hurt. A "High Noon" takeoff with rival motorcyclists was a promising idea, but poorly executed; Tenzer's "supersociety" looks less jet set than Oshkosh country club, and D.W. Griffith made better orgies than the climatic one of "2000 Years Later." This is the latest in unfortunate genre of films which rely on camerazle-dazzle as a substitute for intelligence and imagination.

"If" is something else. This allegory of revolution in an English prep school drew a terrific reaction from a predominately young audience, and it was obviously conceived with great care. College House is clearly a microcosm of the Establishment seen through the eyes of youth: its authoritarian structure of prefects and "scum," its blood-and-guts chaplain, ineffective "trust-me" headmaster

and complete contempt for individuality.

But the format is so restrained and English. A scene of a beating is underplayed; even the machine gunning of the ending seems calculated. I couldn't keep the three young rebels distinct in my mind, nor the prefects either. And the adult authority figures are always types, the funniest of which is the frustrated Mother Britannia headmaster's wife. "If" is an interesting film, but without the passion of Godard's "Weekend," where both revolution and establishment were real and terrifying.

Any connection between reality and the cinema version of Chekov's "Seagull" is purely coincidental. Chekov is not this arty and dated; the Russian films of "The Lady With a Dog" and "In the Town of X" had both believable characters and milieu.

Director Sidney Lumet, conversely, has achieved the impossible: He has taken a fine cast, headed by Vanessa Redgrave and James Mason, and turned them into a travesty of Chekov characters. Even Simone Signoret is bad. The actors read their lines with utter disregard for the rhythms of English speech whether in a mistaken attempt to sound Russian or some "Method" style I'm not sure. "The Seagull" is an American imitation art movie, and phoney from its first scene.

Of the "family movies" currently showing, "My Side of the Mountain" is far the best. Its hero, a 13-year-old-boy, well played by Ted Eccles, goes to the mountains, to live with wild nature for a year, like his hero, Thoreau. His only companions are a pet racoon, a peregrine falcon that he tames, and, briefly, an itinerant folk singer (Theodore Bikel).

Magnificent photography of the Canadian wilderness, some concern with ideas (never intrusive) and a warm human quality, with none of the cuteness of Disney films about kids and animals make "My Side of the Mountain" an experience that intelligent adults and children can share.

Pukka sahibs

"The Daring Young Men in Their Jaunty Jalopies" must have cost millions, what with antique cars, locations all over Europe, and an expensive international cast. Regardless, this comedy about an early Monte Carlo automobile rally is pretty tedious. Best performances are those of Tony Curtis (an American entrant), Susan Hampshire (his sparkling English girl friend), and Peter Cook and Dudley Moore, the team of "Bedazzled," here cast as a couple of pukka sahibs from the Khyber pass with a super-gadged car. Among those wasted: Jack Hawkins (of all people) as a sinister Russian. One really funny episode, with Curtis' auto hanging over a Swiss abyss, and the Britishers to the rescue, but in general the Keystone cops did it better.

THE END



By Creighton H. Churchill

Even though the friendly neighborhood heat granted Chet Helms a dance permit for his Playland dance hall, they have become increasingly sticky as the dances progress. It is well to stress that there has been no dance hall related violence along Ocean Beach since the Dog opened, yet, the police are now trying to enforce strictly the circa 1800's ordinance forbidding persons under 18 to enter a public dancehall. Though the "minors" would actually be safer in the hall than roaming the beaches outside, the police insist that everyone under 18 years must stand outside.

When the police information officer was asked if this was an ordinance now being enforced equally, city-wide, he admitted that it wasn't. Specifically, not at Fillmore West. The under-18-ordinance, he said, was a matter of local politics. He further suggested that to straighten out the unequal enforcement of this totally discriminatory law, you would have to phone downtown and get someone from the Chief's office to tell the local precinct to cool it. "Skateland," a roller rink next door to the Dog dance hall, freely admits kids under 18 all night with the magistrates' approval.

If you're interested, the new Family Dog on the Great Highway is holding dances every weekend at 650 Great Highway (just down from the Cliff House), doors open at 8:30 p.m. at \$3 per person.

Sign of the Fool is probably the best, most inventive coffee house/restaurant in San Francisco. One street over from the Japanese Plastic Trade Center at 1823 Sutter, the Fool is a converted Victorian house run by a very gentle young couple who do everything from food to decor in an inspired combination of constructivist funk and color theory Hindu/oriental. One room leads to another, forming three different environment areas with an unbelievable annex made out of an old window seat. Around the walls are hand-painted reproductions of a classic Tarot card deck, with the Fool highlighting outside on the sign.

One side of the second room has a typically San Francisco Bay window area built into a small, secluded meditation and talking cubicle. With oriental rugs on the elevated floor platform, pillows, and a bamboo slat curtain, it is the single best place in the city for a couple to sip tea or coffee or cider and ponder what they may. Reserve the cube ahead of time, as more than two is a crowd.

Open for lunch and dinner and until the late hours, the Fool features superb rice plates (with meat, cheese, vegetables and such) omelettes, sandwiches and sundry good coffees. Prices are low and the food excellent—a glowing San Francisco hang-out.

End of the Mechanical Age—birth of the electronic/computer/art era: a momentous event, and what better way to celebrate than with an art show of the relics and models of our atomic environment. From June 27 to Aug. 24, the San Francisco Museum of Art is presenting "The Machine Show" to help memorialize the era, with mechanical devices ranging from models of da Vinci's ideas through Duchamp's "The Bride," described as a "well oiled machine running on love gasoline" to Jean Tinguely's "Rotozaza," several tons of metal monster that "produces" rubber balls (throwing them into the air at spectators) and then eats them when thrown back by the audience.

What ever happend to the half pound one dollar hamburger with wine? You've never seen one? Well, this and much more are alive and succulent at the United States Cafe in North Beach, 431 Columbus. Unprepossessing in the extreme, the U.S. Cafe has been a landmark for half a century or so, serving excellent and inexpensive Italian and American food. A gourmand dinner that stuffs one to the gills is less than two dollars, and that with a large waterglass of heavy grappa that sticks pleasantly to the teeth. The waitresses are veterans of high caliber, serving food with jest and efficiency. The customers are the decor. Like Enrico's Coffee House, everyone who is slightly and creatively mad, successful or not, eats at the U.S. It's like true San Francisco: small, crowded, sawdust-on-the-floor homey, mixing bankers and stockbrokers with longshoremen and writers of unknown great American novels.

Additions to favorite bars:

BLIND LEMON, the oldest and best known underground intellectual quiet bar in Berkeley, at 2362 San Pablo Ave., has cleaned up some, added a back room, yet is still thoroughly super-funk. A good beer/wine place to plan the next course on humanistic psychology you will teach at Berkeley.

THE ALBATROSS, 1822 San Pablo, in Berkeley has new improved dart boards, rotating art shows, and a more neighborhood pub-English Hip atmosphere than before.

MOONEY'S IRISH PUB in North Beach, 1525 Grant, is just what it bills itself, a pub staffed by Irish and other career drinkers of facility. In back it has a "Baronial Dining Hall" that is - even though the furniture is of modern construction.

SPECK'S 12, or Speck's one and two, depending on one's cant, is an honest 60¢ drink North Beach Bar in an alley off Columbus (Adler), across from City Lights Book Store, and just up the street from a fairly good pornographic book, film and picture shop. Speck's has rough, open brick walls and a superb supply of San Francisco memorabilia: old photos, graphics and mementos. A clean solid place.

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Superchron

— continued from page 11

throughout the city, but nobody, besides the Guardian and Variety magazine, has printed it. Nobody. The reason: where once there was competition as fierce as any in the country, there now is an umbilical cord that makes for peaceful corporate "you know me, Al" coexistence. Compare how the Ex ducked the Kihm/Alioto stories with how it came on like Gangbusters nine years ago when Newhall sent Chron's outdoors writer, Bud Boyd, into the wilderness as "The Last Man on Earth."

A few examples of how Superchron's monopoly arrogance works commercially:

1. The Chronicle spends thousands to tie up the best and most popular syndicated material—not to publish much of it (you would never know by what it publishes, for example, that it gets material from the Manchester Guardian), but to keep it away from all afternoon suburban papers in the Bay area and much of Northern California. The Chronicle pays heavily for these wide-ranging rights, yet claims it needs the joint contract with the Examiner (plus city tax relief) to survive. (See Chronicle syndicate list).

2. Superchron overcharges the City and County of San Francisco to print public legal notices and in so doing violates the City Charter's competitive bid provisions. Legal notices are public subsidies which newspapers lobbied into law years ago. Since the merger, Superchron uses a two platoon system and sends in the Ex and Chron with these ridiculous "competitive bids"—1967 (The Ex—\$.433 per agate line Chron \$.422); 1968 (Ex—\$.440, Chron—\$.443); 1969 (Ex—\$.460, Chron—\$.466). The charter is so interpreted that only Superchron's two dailies can qualify for printing legal ads and so interpreted that it can get by quietly with publishing the ads in only 14,000 or so papers in street and out of city editions, not in the home-delivered edition to city residents, in a city of 800,000 people.

3. Superchron, by its low rate differential and attractive milline rate, virtually forces advertisers to take both papers. This considerably reduces advertisers' budgets for other publications and outlets, and in larger part forced the San Francisco Argonaut, an established shopper with 200,000 circulation, out of business this spring. In classified, the double-or-nothing argument is peculiarly arbitrary for advertisers. If you insist on either Ex or Chron alone to advertise your litter of pups, you get bounced out of all classifications (the usual reason for going classified in the first place) and segregated in a section at the very end of the classified section on the last page.

The damage \$1520 would inflict is almost impossible to calculate. In contrast, the cold-blooded assassination of the New York World in 1931 was but a minor tragedy. The World had been the greatest and was at its death still one of the leading newspapers in the United States, but the blood ran thin in the heirs of Joseph Pulitzer and they sold, without warning, the paper their father had forbidden them ever to sell.

On the 12th floor of the World building, behind the city editor's desk, was a bronze tablet bought by members of the World's staff. The tablet was paid for by the staff, not their bosses, as a former World employee and our greatest press critic, A.J. Lieb-

ling, never tired of pointing out. The legend read:

IN MEMORY OF
GEORGE T. HUMES
REPORTER ON THE WORLD
MORTALLY INJURED IN THE
STAMFORD RAILROAD WRECK
HE THOUGHT FIRST OF HIS
PAPER AND WITH INDOMI-
TABLE COURAGE SENT THE
NEWS OF THE DISASTER
BORN APRIL 12, 1878
DIED JUNE 13, 1913

"The contrast of his loyalty to that of his employers had an influence on the mind of every man who had ever worked on the World," said Liebling. "The end of the World marked the beginning of realism in the relation of American newspaper employees to their employers."

"The employers had been realistic for a long time. It took the abandonment of an 'institution' like the World to drive the lesson home."

Well, the public-be-damned newspaper-be-damned attitude embodied in the Failing/Preservation Newspaper Act marks the beginning of realism of the American public to its monopoly publishers. The publishers, as your hearings have demonstrated conclusively, have been realistic for a long, long time. And so I petition you, as the elected representatives of the public, to be realistic in its behalf. Specifically, I petition you to consider your real constituency in San Francisco—the hundreds of thousands of readers and advertisers and employees and businessmen and politicians and, I might add, employees eating their hearts out to begin newspapering on a real newspaper who are adversely and unfairly put upon by Superchron—and not the handful of aristocrats at the pinnacle of Superchron's monopoly pyramid. These guys don't need your help, but the rest of the town does.

I petition you to consider the real issue in San Francisco -- the social, economic, political and community cost of this illegal monopoly -- not the financial health of the Crybaby Millionaire Lawbreakers who perpetrated it all with their multi-million-dollar conglomerates and their multi-million-dollar appetites.

I petition you to enforce the law as it now stands.

At the hearing to exempt Superchron from San Francisco's gross receipts tax, I put these questions to the finance committee of the Board of Supervisors:

"Is this how we reward the makers of monopoly, the fixers of prices, the controllers of markets, the poolers of profits, the breakers of law at city hall in San Francisco? With plates of oysters Florentine? With jugs of Concannon Petite Sirah? With boxes of Don Alfredo El Presidentes? With chamber concerts of Mozart and Moussorgsky? With hundreds of thousands of dollars in tax relief? God save us all."

To the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly, I add but two questions. "Do we reward them with billions of dollars of guaranteed monopoly profits unrestrained by competition or by government regulations? And: Why? Why? Why?"

Bury this bill. Urge the Justice Department to enforce the Tuscon decision and break up these illegal monopolies and one newspaper towns. Give my profession a chance to get back its blood, its guts and its soul.

THE END

Who wines and dines Jake Ehrlich?

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Jack Mailliard
Jack Frost
Leo Sapienza
Sheriff Matthew Carberry
Captain Mortimer McInerney
Gayle Wright

Atty. Jake Ehrlich successfully defended the off duty policeman, Michael O'Brien, who shot and killed a black man after a minor traffic accident. This is the

George R. Reilly
Maury Schwarz
James Stewart
Robert Callahan
Robert Nicholas
George L. Burger
Ernest C. Ayala
George Gillin
Captain Martin M. Lee
Michael Mattich
George H. Thomas
John Buffa
Virginia Bigarani
Harry Bigarani
Sam Mazza
John J. Whelan
Captain Daniel J. Quinlan
Joseph J. Murphy
Ennet Campion
Joseph T. Ryan
Arthur T. Poheim
Vincent A. Francis
Jake Ehrlich Jr.
Henry Warner
Bill Quayle
Mike Desiano
B.N. Nenerov
Captain Peter A. Conroy
Ed Montgomery—Ex reporter
James Rourke II
Eligio N. Marelli
Mrs. Marie Dabel
Lieutenant Robert McFarland
Dr. Angelo May
Paul Werner
Philip J. Deredi
Captain Kenneth Carstensen
Les Conlon
James Bracisco
A. E. Campana
R. Del Curto
Captain Louis H. Feder
Robert Patterson—Ex reporter
George Fruend
Alfred Karp
Hobbs Merle

Joseph Mazzola
Morris Weisberger
Mark O'Reilly
Joe Orenco
Leo Fregosi
John Dolan
Samuel B. Stewart
Benjamin Cancell
Dr. Leon N. Leboire
Assistant Deputy Chief Alfred Arnaud
Marvin Cardoza
James J. Maloney
Major General Andrew R. Lolli, ret.
Richard J. Dunn
Captain Charles A. Barca
Marshall F. McComb
Murray Frohman
Julius Masarie
Harry Back
William Clecak
Captain Harry Nelson
Ben Barkan
Irvin Goldstein
William J. Raggio
Police Wives Assoc.
Herb Kline
Chief William Murray SFFD
Dr. A. Hoffman
Lou Ashe
Richard L. Swig
Henry Myers
Joseph F. Garriott
Ray P. Lawrence
Robert Gordon
Charles Huy
Don Cameron
Henri Lewin
Werner Lewin
T. J. Guntren
Captain Donald M. Scott
Dr. Robert Grosso
Captain Philip G. Kiely
Colonel Timothy E. Robinson
Edward Fleishell
Reginald R. Armando
Steve G. Chapralis

committee roster for Ehrlich's testimonial dinner as listed on an official flier of the Police Officers' Association.

William Kader
Joe Vetrano
Thomas J. Kearns
George Andros
Edward E. Heavey
Tom O'Donnell
Joseph Piccinnini
Captain Jeremiah Taylor
Maury White
Don Hoffman
Howard Gilmore
Tom Collins
Captain George Eimil
Tommy Harris
Edward McBride
John Gurich
Gerbert Suvaco
Gus Farber
Dr. Francis Chamberlain
Ray Lewsader
George Pedrin
George Harrington
Red Maloney
Ted Dolan
Tom Keating
Victor Cortesi
Bernie Zarry
Bill Chapman
Merv Donovan
George Ciolino
Peter Drenallo
Virgil Dardi
Maury White
Julie Molnar
Ben Sharpe
Clarence Ricks
James Pigott
Darrell Smith
Dennis Devlin
William Allen
Brian McDonnell
Edward Clark
Gino Marionetti
Lloyd Hill
Dave Christensen
Thomas Dempsey

Benjamin Swig (Fairmont Hotel)
Louis Lurie (Mark Hopkins)
Sid Goldie (SF Progress)
Jeremy Ets-Hokin
George Killion (former APL president)
William Dauer (VP Chamber of Commerce)
David Sacks (KGO)
Paul Speegle (Roos Atkins)
Horace Stoneham (SF Giants)
Dean Bender
Phil Lehr
David Falk (Roos Atkins)
Charles S. "Chub" Feeney (SF Giants)
Nicholas Daphne (SF Funeral Home)
Gene Deforest (Chronicle Columnist)
Melvin Belli
Joseph Tarantino
Frank Funge
A. Boyd Puccinelli (Bail bondsman)
Ernest J. Armando
Hal Schaefer
Cookie Piccetti
Tim Richardson
Jim Rourke
Jack Goldberger (Teamsters)
Gordon Dickson
Bill Murphy
Harry Bell
Gus Coreris
E.K. Harrison
William Moskovitz
Joe Piccini
Lanty Molloy
Virgil Dardi
Harold E. Hubbard
Adolph Eichenbaum
Frank Vandervort
Edward Turner
Angelo Rolando
John Shannon
Alexander O'Leary
Cecil Fullilove
Alexander Taylor
Albert Skelly
Daniel F. McCarthy
Frank Minami

Jerry Fitzgerald
Richard Pilot
Jack Marchetti
Ed Daly
Reno Barsocchini
Ethyl Venturi
Dino Natali
Captain John P. Cassidy
Dr. Alexander F. Fraser
Francis P. Walsh
Gordon Skelly
G. Harvey Mydland
Captain Kenneth G. Fahs
Ralph Poltrone
Forrest N. Faulkner
Cy Owens
Charles Shreve
Luciano Cattaneo
Jerry Posner
Warnock Walsh
Sidney Kessler
Philip Davies
Dr. Edward Weiss
Captain Edward B. Cummins Jr.
David "Scotty" Morris
Joseph Allen
Edward McBride
Timothy Barrett
Frederick C. Kracke
Bennie Ford
Captain Nello J. Girolami
Russell B. Coleman
Paul Governali
Arthur W. Belcher
George L. Klor
Pete Darinelli
Frank Gorrebeeck
Captain Eugene S. Caldwell
Ivan A. Aalster
Mervyn Schneider
Stuart N. Greenberg
John K. Livingston
Fred Sullivan
Richard Mann
Al Katz
Captain John William Conroy
Henry Aguire
Al Williams
Ernest Lotti, Sr.
Parents and Taxpayers Inc.
Norman Impelman

The land was ours

—continued from page 2

of water and hand it to him. "Do you want me to drink it to prove it's water?" I ask the man, holding out my hand.

"No, I don't want you to drink it," he says, uncaps the bottle, sniffs it suspiciously, empties it over a bush. "There are plenty of fountains if you need water," he says.

He keeps the bottle. I imagine its eventual fate—ending up in some police display of weapons the protestors use—rocks, metal stakes, bottles for molotov cocktails... When I ask him why I can't have my bottle back, he tells me I'm lucky he didn't arrest me.

A depression settles over me as I walk back toward Sproul Plaza. There are so many guns and bayonets, such overwhelming force. Maybe they can intimidate us enough to stop us, enough to keep us in our houses, off the streets.

It is 3 p.m. when I come to the upper plaza. The fountain is turned on now, and twenty people are leaping around in it, splashing water on each other, linking arms and dancing like Indians, around and around, "Hi-yuh, hi-yuh," they are chanting. Periodically a wedge of these wet people whoops into the crowd that surrounds the fountain and drags somebody back in with them. It is all so innocent.

"If they'd promote this kind of thing, they wouldn't have so much trouble," somebody at my elbow remarks. I look at him: tall, white shirt and tie, arms folded across his chest.

"That's what the park was," I reply. He nods. Around us, dry people are smiling, laughing, dodging, as the wet people make another charge.

A boyish-looking girl in a flimsy, legless, sleeveless, metal-blue leotard paces around and around the fountain, eyes closed, head bowed, blowing a dirge into a harmonica. Her tanned skin glistens in the sun.

I know I come to these spectacles like a voyeur, like the way I often come to a woman: just let me inside till the fear goes away and I can go back outside again, thank you. Though I want to break into dance now, I'm holding myself back, arms folded, one of the dry people.

It occurs to me I could go on like this until I die, arranging my past into art, into something that proves me to have been a superior sort of person with advanced skills and insights: envisioning my future in the new athena we surely will build out of glass one day, and walk naked there, and whole, like children, and let trees grow again: meanwhile hovering carefully beyond the lunges of the wet people the same way I float out of range of the bayonets...

I don't know when the sound of the harmonica stopped, but it's gone now. And someone—somewhere in the chain of command—has seen what is going on, and I can fix responsibility outside myself again, as the water gushing into the fountain comes abruptly to a stop.

THE END

Southern Pacific

—continued from page 7

Asked if he believed the schedule change was an attempt by SP to inconvenience the traveling public, Mulligrew replied: "If we thought so, we wouldn't have approved it."

However, PUC staff counsel, Vincent MacKenzie, said his staff colleagues may have overlooked some important factors in their decision.

Bennett spoke of several PUC staff members as representing "the voice, tool and instrument of the transportation industry." He spoke similarly of his former colleagues on the commission.

In February, 1968, The Guardian cited a PUC transcript quoting Alan C. Furth, SP vice-president and general counsel, as saying: "Mr. Biaggini (SP president) spoke about a general inquiry throughout the utility business community as to who might be suitable members of the commission (under Reagan...)"

Reagan and the utilities came

up with these "suitable" businessmen—appointees: President William Symons, Jr., Frederick P. Morrissey, John P. Vukasin, Jr. and Thomas Moran.

I interviewed Morrissey, on leave from the U.C. Graduate School of Business and a former paid consultant to PT & T. He was appointed to the PUC after demonstrating pro-utility sympathies in articles he wrote for professional journals. In an interview, he gave me his views on passenger trains—they're "obsolete"—and on railroads "in an academic sense they're sort of passe."

Asked about SP's March schedule change, Morrissey said, "I've often thought that train travel, and all passenger travel, was designed to make it as inconvenient for the public as possible." To exercise control over a time-table would be "pretty precarious," he said.

Commissioner Vukasin, from a family of prominent Oakland

businessmen, was formerly an attorney for the state highway department. Moran was an attorney for General Dynamics. PUC president Symons, a rancher from Bishop ("I was the principal taxpayer in my county," he boasts), served on the Mono County board of supervisors for 14 years.

Symons said the Commission "reflects the philosophy of the administration," his personal philosophy, he said, is that of "a businessman." While stressing the need to maintain consumer service, Symons emphasized that "we have to see that the utilities have added earnings to keep abreast of economic growth."

But, on the basis of past performance, the evidence is clear: Our appointed guardians of the public interest hesitate to interfere with the long-range plans of D.J. Russell and Company.

THE END



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The new San Francisco Woman

— by Heidi Endemann

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